

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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Look Out for the DOUBLE HOLIDAY NUMBER next Week—Thirty-two Pages for Fifteen Cents.



NEW YORK CITY.—PREPARING FOR THE HOLIDAY BANQUETS—A SCENE IN WASHINGTON MARKET ON THE ARRIVAL OF GAME MEATS FROM THE WEST.
SEE PAGE 29L

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
 55, 56 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
 NEW YORK, DECEMBER 27, 1879.

OUR HOLIDAY DOUBLE NUMBER.

With our next issue will appear a *Holiday Double Number* which, from its artistic and literary merit, as well as from the care bestowed upon its compilation, is destined to prove one of the most signal of our many successes. The contents will be as varied as interesting, while the whole gamut of human passion will be rung both in song and story. Miss Elta W. Pierce contributes an intensely dramatic tale, entitled "At Christmas"; W. E. McCann, a thoroughly seasonable story, "A Deep Christmas Snow"; Amanda Douglas, an appealing narrative, "Left on a Doorstep," and N. Robinson, a ghost story, "A Ghastly Revelation." "Which of Them did He Murmur?" by the author of "Don't ask Mamma," and "Uncle Charley's Christmas Party" are comical, bright and cheery, while Joaquin Miller's poem, "The Tramp of Shiloh"—written expressly for this Number—is one of the gifted poet's best efforts. The two splendid double-page engravings, "Old England in the Olden Time," and "New England in the Olden Time," so suggestive of Christmas revelry, form another special feature in our *Holiday Supplement*. Price of double number, 32 pages, 15 cents.

In this paper, the *Interview*—being the ninth of the series—with General Joseph E. Johnston will be found vividly interesting, recalling, as it does, "daring deeds done in daring days," by one who has been so "stormed at by shot and shell."

THE *Constitution* of Atlanta, Ga., noticing the recent interview with Hon. A. H. Stephens in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, asserts that "the entire sketch is excellent and strikingly natural," and reports a heavy increased sale of this paper in its vicinity.

FRANK LESLIE'S CHATTEBOX.

In a recent issue the *Planter and Granger*, of Atlanta, Ga., speaks thus of this standard child's publication:

"This pleasant little child's magazine is upon our table, brimful of piquant reading and taking illustrations for the little folks. Somehow we have a weakness for children's literature. The simple style necessary to reach the comprehension of the little ones is our ideal of writing. And the things that amuse the children have not lost all charm for us. Subscribe for the *Chatterbox* for the little ones."

THE VITAL QUESTION.

THE financial problem now pending before the people perplexes the political philosopher by its speculative difficulties, the statesman by its magnitude and complexity of its relations, the business man because he sees that his practical interests are involved in its wise solution, the politician because he knows that the fate of parties is quivering in the balances held by the men who aspire to be "President makers" at Washington.

The medley of motions made in this direction serves to reveal the chaos of opinion which prevails among the men who, by virtue of their position and office, ought to guide and enlighten the public judgment. What with motions to repeal the legal-tender clause in the Greenback Act, to overthrow and cancel the greenbacks, to withdraw them gradually, to leave the existing monetary status undisturbed, and to swell the volume of greenbacks with a fresh inflation, we see that the "assembled wisdom" at Washington is only little better than "confusion worse confounded."

Yet through this muddle of blended politics and finance there runs a hard and fast line of division and differentiation. It is the line which separates those who see the necessity of doing something in a right direction, and those who resolutely close their eyes against this necessity, either because they cannot see it or because they do not wish to see it. The President proposes to eliminate the evil and peril of the financial situation by a gradual cancellation of the greenback circulation, but the query has been raised whether it can be said of him that what he wishes under this head he wishes *strongly*, so strongly as to make it a matter of Executive pressure on the party of which he is the official head. We do not doubt for ourselves the earnestness or the sincerity with which the President entertains the policy he has recommended to Congress; but that he should bring his personal and political influence to bear on the legislative minds of his political friends is alien alike to the temperament, the habits and the conscientious convictions of Mr. Hayes.

Senator Carpenter straightway filed in the Senate a resolution directly antagonizing

the financial views and recommendations contained in the recent message of the President. Senator Ingalls follows in a still more formal and detailed indictment of the President's propositions. And now it is announced that the Republican caucus of the Senate has decided to adopt the resolution of Mr. Carpenter as the "sense" of the Republican minority.

The Democratic majority are equally rent and torn with dissensions on this topic. At the very threshold of the session, Mr. Bayard introduced a joint resolution proposing to declare that "from and after the passage of this resolution the Treasury notes of the United States shall be receivable for all dues to the United States excepting duties on imports, and shall not be otherwise a legal-tender, and any of said notes hereafter reissued shall bear this superscription."

It was hoped at first that this resolution would receive the support of many who have heretofore figured in the Democratic ranks as the neophytes of paper money. It offered them a convenient stepping-block whereon to dismount from the "high horse," on which the Democratic Party has been careering to its ruin even in the States where the hapless steed was first born and put out to pasture. Democratic riders, however, still are found who seem quixotic enough to bestride the spavined Rosinante of paper money. And what exit they see from the cul-de-sac into which they are picking their way it passes all comprehension to perceive. The Republicans justify their expectant attitude on the ground that the Supreme Court, if they wait long enough, will come to their relief by deciding, in the Butler-Crittenden case, against the reissue of the greenbacks in a time of peace when they are more of a hindrance than help in the present financial state of the country. When that decision comes, if it shall be adverse to the reissue of the greenbacks, as is assumed, the Republican leaders expect to have the courage of the Court's opinions if they have not the courage of their own. They hope then to put themselves in the van of the forward movement for honest money.

It is not a bold and manly policy which the Republican managers set before their eyes, but it is an intelligible one in point of party strategy. They hope to make themselves masters of the political situation with the least possible risk from defection and straggling in the Republican ranks. But what do the Democrats expect from a policy of inaction? With a majority in both Houses of Congress they have the affirmation of the issue on all pending questions. On this most exigent of all pending questions, they cannot hope to escape the responsibility thrust upon them by their legislative supremacy. If they aspire to the Executive leadership of the nation, it is only fair that the country should judge of their capacity under this head by the signs of their capacity as national legislators. For the pending question is rather one of legislation than of administration. Mr. Bayard has opened a path by which the wayfaring Democrat may find his way again to the Hard Money ground of the Democratic fathers, but how many prodigals will return is something which the future alone can disclose. At present the prospect does not seem to be good either for the Democracy or for the country.

OUR COMMERCE AND SHIPS.

PRIOR to our late "sectional unpleasantness" the United States possessed an ocean marine second only to that of England in point of tonnage. In those days Americans were largely interested in seagoing vessels, and the great bulk of the exports from and imports to this country was carried in American bottoms. So late as 1857 more than seventy-five per cent. of the merchandise passing between Europe and this country went and came in vessels owned by our own citizens. The war swept away our splendid fleets of merchantmen as well as all accruing benefits.

The following table covering six fiscal years, each terminating on June 30th, and exhibiting the value of exports and imports carried by American and foreign vessels, will serve to show how rapidly the commerce of the country changed hands:

Years.	Imports, Exports and Re-exports.		
	Total Trade.	American vessels.	Foreign vessels.
1859	\$695,537,592	\$465,741,381	\$229,816,211
1860	762,288,550	507,247,757	255,040,793
1861	530,569,412	350,827,256	179,742,156
1864	669,855,034	184,061,486	485,793,548
1865	571,131,290	146,067,245	425,064,045
1866	1,003,066,748	324,141,463	678,925,285

The advantages then lost have never been regained. The total of vessels entered at the seaboard ports, as we learn from Secretary Sherman's recent report, was 11,530,527 tons during the year ending June 30th, 1878, and 13,768,137 tons during the last fiscal year, showing an increase of 2,237,610 tons, or about nineteen per cent. The American tonnage entered exhibited

an increase of only 40,306 tons, or one per cent. while the foreign showed an increase of 2,197,304 tons, or nearly twenty-six per cent. The tonnage in these cases is computed on the basis of the number of vessels entered, and is restricted to seaboard ports. Of the total amount of merchandise brought in at the seaboard, lake and river ports, during the last fiscal year, an amount of the value of \$143,599,353 was imported in American vessels, and \$310,499,599 in foreign. Of the exports, a value of \$128,425,339 was shipped in American, and \$600,769,633 in foreign, vessels. Of the combined imports and exports twenty-three per cent. only of the total value was conveyed in American vessels.

Ever since the close of the war a great deal of talk has been expended upon the necessity of restoring our merchant-marine and regaining our lost power upon the high seas. The action, however, has not corresponded with the declamation. Unable to build competitive ships at home, our merchants, unlike those of continental Europe, have not been permitted to go to the Tyne or the Clyde and purchase the required vessels. Antiquated navigation laws have been kept upon the statute-book to more and more paralyze the right arm of industry, by preventing the upbuilding of a mercantile navy. Almost every article entering into the building of ships, as well as articles required for their outfit and supply, have been burdened with taxes. The course pursued, in fact, has been such as to retard, if not actually prevent, the restoration of American commerce to American hands. To our disgrace be it spoken, among the many lines of ocean steamers now running to and from the port of New York, there is not one carrying the American flag.

Of the carrying trade it may be said that "there's millions in it," and these millions go to enrich countries other than our own. If we are to regain that trade and earn these millions, our merchants must have the privilege of obtaining ships on an equality with the foreigner. If necessary to make the purchase abroad, the statutes must be so changed as to permit foreign-built ships to secure an American register. Secretary Sherman is right in saying that "the recovery of our old position in the carrying trade will more than counterbalance any disadvantage likely to ensue from a modification of restriction upon the right to purchase"; but we are not so certain that they should not—for a time, at least—come into the country duty free.

In this connection, we are pleased to note that a Bill has been introduced in the House of Representatives by Judge Buckner, of Missouri, to authorize the purchase of foreign-built ships by United States citizens for use in foreign trade. This is a move in the right direction, one which should have been made years ago. We trust that the importance of the measure may be appreciated by Congress, and that the result will be the restoration of our old-time supremacy on the ocean.

ABOUT POLITICAL PRIMARIES.

HOW to pack a primary meeting is one of the first lessons in American politics. The local politicians in the larger cities and towns know just what voters are likely to attend, what influences it will be necessary to secure, what agencies are to be used, and how far their personal weight must be supplemented by possible combinations and the offer of pecuniary rewards. There is no occult science in the study of means for controlling a primary meeting; it has long since been reduced to an accomplished art, to be practiced, mainly, by political gamblers, and turned to the account of corrupt and worthless candidates.

The reason for this condition of affairs, long since discovered and deplored, is found, of course, in the limited attendance of voters. Our people take no real interest in politics until the battle is well under way, and they begin to hear the roar of the heavy guns. Such a trifling affair as the preliminary steps to the contest is quite unworthy the attention of men immersed in business or devoted to pleasure; and so it has come to pass that we go out to battle badly officered, and our country is more than half governed by the worst qualified members of the community. The evil, too, is being aggravated from year to year. It is easier to pack a primary meeting now than it was twenty years ago, and it will be easier twenty years hence than it is to-day, if some steps are not taken to work a reformation.

But we ought not to be helpless in this deplorable situation. True, we have tried every argument and every means of persuasion. We have appealed to the patriotism of men, to their sense of public duty, and, when the tax-collector has been permitted to legally plunder the community, even to their pecuniary interests. But those means have all failed, and we must change our devices. It will not be wise to call spirits from the vasty deep when we have every evidence that they will not come at our bidding. Some other

method of securing the apparition of a few good citizens at the primary meetings must be suggested; but it must be radical. It must be one that will, perhaps, startle an extreme advocate of personal liberty; but voters should be held to their duty under the penalty of disfranchisement. No person should be permitted to absent himself from the primary meetings of the party to which he adheres save for the best of reasons; for if it be absolutely essential to the purity of the Government and the well-being and prosperity of the community that good men only shall be placed in office, then we have a right to adopt measures to give potency to the best public opinion of the community at that source of all political power, the meeting held for the selection of delegates to nominating conventions.

The construction of a law to meet the emergency is not at all difficult. We compel a registration of voters previous to an election, to prevent frauds. Why not so fashion and administer the law that it shall also show if the voter has done his whole duty in the work of selecting the candidates who are competing for responsible offices? It will require no extraordinary ingenuity to transfer the place of registration to the primary meeting. The mere act of depositing the name and address of the voter on his entrance into the room would furnish the officers of registration nearly all the means necessary for completing the lists. But if this method be thought too loose, there is still another. Many hands make light work, and the entire labor of registration in a voting precinct could be completed in a few hours, leaving ample time for the more weighty business of the occasion. Lists so made out would require a revision to enable the few who were unavoidably absent to still secure their votes. But their excuses should be very good, indeed, to enable them, afterwards, to exercise a citizen's privilege on election day.

This suggestion has peculiar significance at this time, when one great party in New York has just thrown away the State because of dissatisfaction with the act of delegates sent to its nominating convention; and some of the adherents of the other party can almost, for a like cause, find it in their hearts to regret the victory thrust upon them, and to wish that they had been equally self-sacrificing with their opponents. No more unsatisfactory canvass was ever made in any State, and upon both sides the evil sprang from the same cause—packed primary meetings.

SILVER AS MONEY.

SO far from the position and rank of silver in our currency system having been settled by the legislation of 1873, it is now apparent that the question of what is to constitute our metallic money was never more unsettled than at the present time. Prior to that legislation the Government of the United States, in the course of eighty years, had coined silver to the extent of \$145,141,884, of which sum only \$8,045,838, or a little more than five per cent. of the whole, was in the shape of standard dollars. Down to and including the year 1805 the total issue of such dollars only made an aggregate of \$1,439,517. Thirty years then elapsed during which the coinage of this particular class of money remained suspended, and it was not until 1836 that the national mint turned out one thousand of the now much venerated "dollars of the fathers." Thence onward to 1873 the Government minted, in all, 6,606,321 silver dollars, making the foregoing mentioned total of \$8,045,838. In 1872 the price of silver per standard ounce, in the London market, ranged from 59½ to 61½ pence, and American dollars, rated in gold, commanded a premium. Under the coinage Act of February 12th, 1873, the coinage of such dollars were discontinued without manifestations of opposition from any quarter. Silver had not then become cheap and the fluctuating article that it has since proved to be. In 1872 the ratio of value between gold and silver was 1 to 15.63. In 1877 the relative value of silver was quite 18 to 1 of gold. Under this state of the case, the Bland-Allison Act reviving the coinage of silver dollars of 412½ grains was passed, and became a law, February 28th, 1878. Since then, as we learn from official sources, the coinage of such dollars has amounted to \$45,206,200.

Notwithstanding the efforts made by the Treasury Department to put this coinage into circulation, it is quite evident that the country does not take kindly to the use of cheap silver dollars. Secretary Sherman, in his annual report, discouragingly says: "The total amount of silver dollars coined to November 1st, 1879, under the Act of February 28th, 1878, was \$45,206,200, of which \$13,002,662 was in circulation, and the remainder, \$32,203,538, in the Treasury at that time." The Government, according to this exhibit, has been obliged to retain almost 71 per cent. of this cheap coinage in its own vaults, and yet Congress, in face of the fact, coupled with the President's warning protest, manifests an insane

disposition to continue the purchase of silver which, after coinage into dollars, must remain a dead weight upon the Treasury.

The simplest mind can understand that under the control of the living spirit the human body differs widely from the same body when the spirit has departed, but all men know that the living spirit does not emancipate the body from control of the physical laws pertaining to it as a body. So, too, with metal when coined into money under legislative enactment. Legislation imparts certain new attributes, but the old attributes remain unimpaired. Whether as coin or bullion it continues subject to the law of commerce, and its intrinsic value is governed by the operations of supply and demand. Although the Government stamp marks the money something more than merchandise, its character as merchandise remains indestructible in the markets of the world. A knowledge of these self-evident truths compels the opinion that Congressional legislation, as applied to metallic money, does not possess the attributes of omnipotence. It is the sheerest nonsense for our legislators to assume that they can control or suspend fixed financial laws, or that they can create values by enactment; or that they can exercise supreme jurisdiction over the realm of money. We admit that it is within the power of legislation to keep up the present nonsensical coinage of silver. We acknowledge that Congress may direct an unlimited issue of cheap silver dollars, and, as in the case of the greenbacks, make them legal-tender for all debts; but there its power ends. It can impart no value to such dollars. With standard silver selling at fifty-two pence, or thereabouts, per ounce, in London, the minted dollars of 412½ grains will have a corresponding value. The market price of silver bullion, despite the edicts of Congress, will govern the value and purchasing power of the dollars. It is scarcely necessary to add that gold, the standard of all values, measures the market value of the silver.

The silver dollar of 412½ grains was originally established under the Act of 1837, and represented silver at about fifty-nine pence per ounce. That metal is now selling in the London market at seven or eight pence less per ounce than the price of 1837, and yet the weight of the silver dollar remains unchanged. As a swindling operation it has no parallel, not even in the Credit Mobilier inquiry. And yet, within the past few days, Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, has had the effrontery to propose in the United States Senate a resolution looking to the free and unlimited coinage of these dishonest silver dollars. The plain intent of this resolution is to substitute a depreciated medium of exchange for a better money, and to enable the owners of bullion to pocket the difference between one hundred cents and whatever may be the market value of 412½ grains of standard silver. The Treasury now receives this difference, and thus far it has amounted to several millions of dollars.

We remark, by way of conclusion, that to legislatively decree that the proportion between silver and gold shall be and remain as 16 to 1, or 15½ to 1, or whatever figures Congress may choose to adopt, while the bullion value of silver in the commerce of the world is constantly fluctuating, would be like enacting a law that a river's tide should never rise above nor fall below a certain water-mark. Silver, we are free to admit, has a purpose to serve in our monetary system. It is the proper money for the small transactions of retail trade. It is, therefore, correct and judicious to use it in a subsidiary form and to make it a legal tender to a limited amount. It is not, however, the sort of money needed for the great transactions of modern commerce, nor is it the metal to serve as a standard of value in the conduct of those transactions.

EVENTS ABROAD.

THE trade depression in France is assuming the ghastly proportions of famine. The Chamber of Deputies has taken up the question, and a grant of 5,000,000 francs has been voted, to be supplemented in the event of this sum being found insufficient. Unhappily, a political hue was sought to be given to the vote by suggesting that care should be taken to prevent the money from being applied to electioneering purposes. The vote was carried by 524 to 3 in the Chamber, and unanimously by the Senate. The severity of the winter is making itself terribly felt, and the Seine is now completely frozen over, a circumstance which has not occurred since 1863. Marshal Canrobert would seem to be extremely desirous of hunting with the hare and running with the hounds. The Bonapartists have thrown him over on account of his non-attendance at the funeral of the Prince Imperial, denouncing him as the blackest of ingrates, and he now comes forward with a statement, in explaining the circumstances of his election to the Senate, that on the 2d of December, 1851, he was ignorant that a coup d'état was contemplated, and that he simply obeyed orders as a soldier. What a chance for newspaper pyrotechnic display!

Who is whispering into the ear of King John of Abyssinia? for most assuredly he is being egged on to war with Egypt by some power behind the throne. Could it be possible that that arch-scamper, who is now with his harem enjoying the climatic delights of southern Italy, the ex-Khedive, is egging on his quondam foe with a view to further Egyptian complications. King John's ultimatum means \$150,000 or war. The Council of War in Cairo, on receiving this information, have lost no time in preparing for the inevitable struggle, and the disposition of the expeditionary forces is already made. Eighteen thousand men will be immediately dispatched to Massowah; another column, 18,000 strong, will be pushed forward as far as Gallabat, and a third corps of 18,000 troops will be sent up the Blue Nile. The marshalling of such strong forces against the fierce ruler of Abyssinia shows that the Egyptian Government has no intention of risking another disaster like that of January, 1876, but purposes making effective work of King John and his dominions. An Egyptian defeat might bring the ex-Khedive again to the throne of the Ptolemies.

Germany is dealing iron-handed with her iron roads. The Lower House of the Prussian Diet has passed the Railway Purchase Bill, while the Landtag has adopted the Railway Committee's resolutions prescribing the principles upon which the Government must administer the railways. The rules and regulations laid down by the Landtag will form a nut for other Governments to crack as well as that of Kaiser Wilhelm's. It is rumored that Prince Bismarck will resume the reins of the Government steeds before Christmas, and that all kicking over the traces must cease when the arch-Chancellor steps upon the box. A draft Bill, proposing certain changes in the German Constitution, has been introduced into the House—two propositions of which are likely to create fierce and fiery discussion, namely, the introduction of biennial sessions of Parliament, and the prolongation of the budget period.

Spain is agitated from Iran to the Rock of Gibraltar. Martinez Campos, the conqueror of the Carlistas and Cubans, has resigned the premiership. It was Campos who invented Alfonso, and it is not likely that the young King will throw him over, especially as the little general is a hard hitter and very popular down South. In the Basque Provinces his life wouldn't be worth one of Alfonso's bride's hairpins.

True bills having been found against the Irish prisoners, and Messrs. Davitt, Killen and Daly are to be treated to what Justice Denman termed, in O'Connell's trial, a "mockery, a delusion and a snare." It is probable that the Government will go no further with the matter, as puny martyrs don't count, and as yet Messrs. Parnell, Biggar and Coy have talked treason within their rights.

Famine and frost everywhere in Europe. Unwelcome guests at Yuletide. Nearly all the rivers and brooks in Transylvania have overflowed their banks, laying under water vast tracts of country and destroying bridges and houses, interrupting communication, and sweeping away farming utensils, cattle and grain. In some cases the inhabitants were for days on trees and roofs of houses, awaiting rescue. The overflowing of the Rivers Koros and Maros, in Hungary, has caused fearful destruction. The City of Arad, on the Haros, and several other towns, have been ruined and their inhabitants driven away. Fully 10,000 persons have been rendered homeless.—A Pesth dispatch states that six villages have been ruined by the flood near Arad. Many entire families who had found refuge in neighboring woods were frozen to death. Several hundred persons are missing.

Lord Lytton, Viceroy of India, has narrowly escaped the fate of his predecessor, Lord Mayo. One fell by the knife of the assassin; the other has just experienced the sensation of hearing the whizz of a brace of bullets from the pistol aimed for the purpose of taking his life. The would-be vice-regent was instantly arrested, and will, we presume, be restored to Allahabad Lunatic Asylum, from whence he has been recently discharged.

The first exercise of woman suffrage in Massachusetts had a very desirable effect; it rendered the polling-places more quiet and orderly than they ever were before.

ARRAIGNING a woman before the law on a charge of being a witch seems like a transaction in Salem in 1692; yet this was done in New York City on December 8th, 1879.

The record of the fishing-fleet of Gloucester, Mass., for the past year is a sad one. Although the catch for the season was very satisfactory, two hundred and forty lives and thirty vessels are counted among the losses.

IRRIGATION, which has made many a sterile spot blossom as the rose, is sorely needed in countless regions of our Western prairies. The want of running water is not only a serious check to the building up of cities and towns,

but a positive hindrance to the proper agricultural development of sections otherwise rich and promising. The Bill, therefore, of Senator Hill, of Colorado, to authorize the Secretary of the Interior to bore a number of artesian wells on the Western Plains, for the purpose of ascertaining whether water can be obtained by this means in sufficient quantities to irrigate the land and supply cattle, is a most timely one.

A PRACTICAL safeguard against injury and death at fires by falling walls has been adopted by the Fire Commissioners of New York, who have ordered a detail of one fireman in each company whose sole duty at a fire shall be to watch the burning building and notify the chief of battalion at the first intimation of danger from its falling.

ENGLAND'S hopes as regards iron, as well as food, would seem to be centred in this Continent. At a recent meeting at Burslem, Mr. Hanbury, M.P., in reference to the revival of trade, stated that he knew from authentic sources that 6,000 miles of railway were to be laid in the United States, and that the Americans would have to import five-sevenths of the rails so required. The importance of this statement to England will be better estimated when it is remembered that the total mileage of the United Kingdom does not quite reach 18,000 miles. Mr. Hanbury would seem to forget that Germany has already competed for our orders; and as our foundries are driven to their highest tension, and still unable to supply the demand upon them, both England and Germany may reasonably congratulate themselves upon a pretty brisk business.

"WHAT becomes of all these immigrants?" one is tempted to ask, as the daily papers note the large arrivals at our main ports. During the month of November the number of immigrants landed at the port of New York alone amounted to 15,295, while for the year ending November 30th the arrivals reached the large total of 134,058, against a total of 81,255 for the preceding year. As it is seldom we now hear of complaints, the supposition is strong that those strangers find little difficulty in obtaining employment upon their arrival. The fact is that invitations to new settlers are sent from the West in every conceivable form. Agents of the great trunk lines of railroad are scattered over Europe inducing emigration, and, to compete with them, several of the States have sent commissioners abroad, offering greater or less advantages to artisans and tillers of the soil. And now the Grangers are at work issuing addresses, extolling the richness of this or that section, wherever in foreign lands there is any marked depression in agricultural or industrial labor. The result of these efforts is that, shortly after the arrival of the desirable class of immigrants, they are dispatched to new fields of labor.

CONGRESS AT WORK.

MONDAY, December 8th.—SENATE—Three Bills and resolutions providing for the removal of the Ute Indians from Colorado; a Bill authorizing the appointment of a special Labor Commission; a Bill to aid the education of colored people by an investment for them of the \$510,000 unclaimed money of colored troops; and a resolution opposing the recommendations of the President and Secretary of the Treasury in regard to the legal-tenders were introduced. HOUSE—An adjournment was taken on account of the death of A. M. Lay, of Missouri.

TUESDAY, December 9th.—SENATE—Resolution touching war claims discussed and amended. Vice-President submitted communications asking appropriation to cover deficiency in the Post Office Department; reporting upon advisability of abandoning the military stations controlling the squatter immigration to the Indian Territory; asking for appropriations to pay West Point Cadets, and petitioning, in the name of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, for a commission of inquiry concerning the liquor traffic. HOUSE—Two resolutions of sympathy with the Irish peasants, and a number of financial Bills and resolutions, were introduced. Mr. Cox's Immigration Bill was favorably reported, and a resolution for adjournment December 19th adopted. A joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution extending the official terms of President and Vice-President to six years, making such officers ineligible for more than one term consecutively, and limiting the terms of Members of Congress to three years, was introduced and referred.

WEDNESDAY, December 10th.—SENATE—The House adjournment and the war claims resolutions were passed. Senator Conkling introduced a Bill to prevent the unloading of garbage in the waters about the Port of New York. HOUSE—Bill providing for the publication of the Supreme Court reports was passed, and a discussion took place on the Political Contribution Bill. A joint resolution was introduced proposing an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting polygamy in the United States and places subject to its jurisdiction.

THURSDAY, December 11th.—SENATE—A Bill providing for the construction of new forts on the Mexican frontier was passed, and a resolution looking to the removal of the Utes from Colorado adopted. An adjournment was taken to the 15th. HOUSE—A resolution of inquiry into the colored exodus from the Southern States during the Summer was passed; the Bill relative to the unloading of foreign vessels was recommitted, and a Bill for the relief of distillers in certain cases was passed.

FRIDAY, December 12th.—HOUSE—The Fortifications Appropriation Bill, after being amended by a clause giving \$50,000 for Galveston Harbor, was passed; and the Pension Bill appropriating \$34,404,000 was passed without debate. A number of private Bills were passed, after which the House adjourned to the 15th.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

A NATIONAL Agricultural Society was organized in New York City on the 10th.

COLONEL COURTNEY, the Independent candidate, has been elected Mayor of Charleston, S. C.

A CATHEDRAL of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Chicago was consecrated December 11th.

GENERAL GRANT received popular welcomes at Louisville, Ky., on December 10th, and Cincinnati, 11th.

GOVERNOR ROBINSON has granted a reprieve to Greenfield, the convicted murderer, until January 30th.

AN International Dairy Fair was opened in the American Institute building, New York, December 8th.

ABOUT 1,000 women voted in Boston, on December 9th, for members of the school boards for the first time.

HON. GEORGE M. MCCRARY, ex-Secretary of War, has been commissioned Judge of the Eighth Judicial District.

At its regular session in New York, the American Geographical Society discussed the Nicaraguan Canal project, December 9th.

THE total debt of Boston at the close of this year will be \$42,359,816.23, being a decrease during the year of \$9,720,624.

A PETITION in favor of the repeal of the legal-tender clause has received a great number of signatures of merchants and bankers in New York and Boston.

CONSIDERABLE excitement has been created in the Union League Club, of New York, by a motion to prohibit the further election of Democrats to membership.

THE United States Grand Jury at New York recommended the establishment of a National Prison and Reformatory, with gradations in the classes of convicts.

THE Readjusters of Virginia have nominated General William Mahone for United States Senator, to succeed Senator Withers, whose term expires on the 4th of March, 1881.

THE town of Red Rock, near Bradford, Pa., was set on fire, December 11th, by streams of burning oil from a 25,000 barrel tank, and all the business and private houses were destroyed.

THE hearing of the mandamus against the Secretary of State of Maine was opened at Augusta, on the 10th. On December 12th Judge Virgin dismissed the petition against the Secretary.

JEFFERSON DAVIS has been made defendant in the Equity branch of the United States Circuit Court in Louisiana to test the validity of the will of Mrs. Dorsey, who left all her property to him.

THE Committee on Technical Schools, of the State Board of Education, have appointed a subcommittee to visit similar schools in other States, and ascertain the steps to be taken in their establishment.

JUDGE Hovey, in the Superior Court, has appointed Robert E. Day receiver of the Dime Savings Bank, of Hartford. This bank, which has been under an injunction for eighteen months, has 7,000 depositors, and holds about \$500,000 of deposits.

A RULE to show cause why a mandamus should not issue to compel the Board of Assessment and Receiver of Taxes of the City of Elizabeth, N. J., to assess and levy a tax to meet the judgment obtained by the Goebel Brothers, of New York, has been granted.

THE Rev. Enoch C. Wines, D.D., founder of the National Prison Association, and delegate from the United States to the several sessions of the International Penitentiary Congress, died at Cambridge, Mass., December 10th, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

THE Police Commissioners of Cincinnati have voted to make no more arrests for giving theatrical shows on Sunday until the pending cases are determined, and also modified the order requiring unlicensed shows to be suppressed, so as to allow the shows to go on, and the proprietors to be arrested and dealt with according to law.

THE recommendation of the National Board of Trade, urging Congressional legislation to regulate the charges of transportation of freight by railroads, is an endorsement of the Reagan Inter-State Commerce Bill, which passed the House at the last session of the Forty-fifth Congress, but failed in the Senate.

THE joint resolution reported Dec. 12th from the Committee on Naval Affairs for the appointment of a commission to select a site for the Naval Observatory will, it is believed, enable the commission to determine upon a proper place for the location of the observatory, so that the work may be begun without delay.

THE New York State Board of Canvassers declined, on December 12th, to go behind the returns, and at once declared the result of the late State election. A few changes only are made in the figures previously reported. Mr. Hoskins's plurality is increased to 290, General Carr's plurality is increased to 1,875, and Mr. Seymour's is reduced to 12,441.

Foreign.

For the first time since 1861, the river Seine, at Paris, was frozen over on December 11th.

THE German Landtag has adopted the Railroad Committee's resolutions prescribing principles on which the Government must administer the railways.

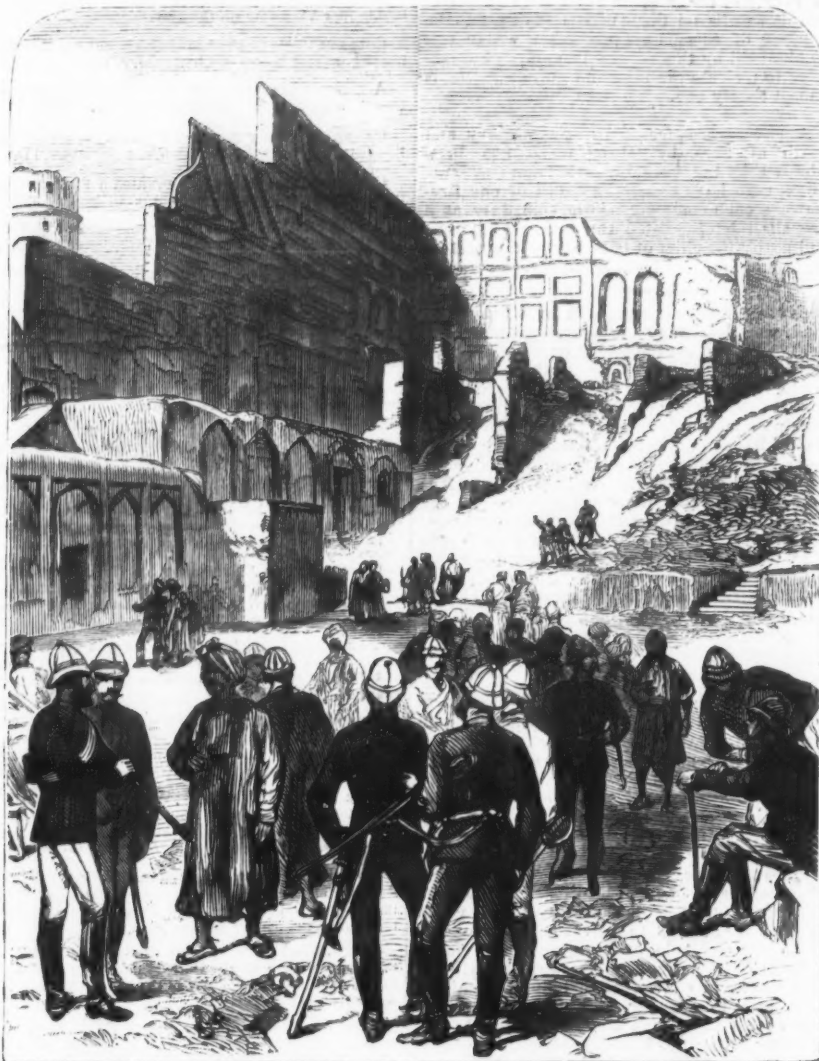
LORD LYTTON, Viceroy of India, on his arrival at Calcutta, on December 12th, from a tour of the provinces, was twice fired at by a drunken East Indian, but escaped injury. The would-be assassin has been arrested.

NEARLY all the rivers and brooks in Transylvania have overflowed their banks, laying under water vast tracts of country. In some cases the inhabitants were for days on trees and roofs of houses awaiting rescue.

In the French Chamber of Deputies, the Minister of the Interior has recorded a grant of about one million of dollars to relieve the existing distress from the trade depression, and demanding the adoption of his motion as an expression of confidence in the Government. It was adopted by a vote of 524 to 3.

THE official account of the engagement between General Massy's command and the force under Mahmood Jans shows that General Massy, while attempting to intercept the enemy, was attacked by great numbers. His cavalry, before abandoning the field, overthrew the guns and made repeated charges. The guns were not recovered until the arrival of General Macpherson's force. The enemy later attacked the British in the hills south of the Bala Hisar, but were beaten off with loss. General Roberts reports that the combination of the Afghan tribes against the British is considerable.

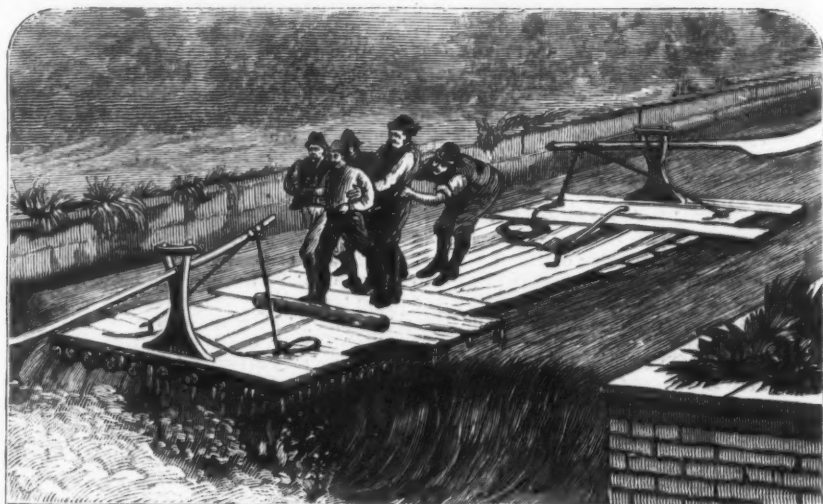
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 291.



AFGHANISTAN.—INTERIOR OF THE BRITISH RESIDENCY AT CABUL AFTER THE MASSACRE.



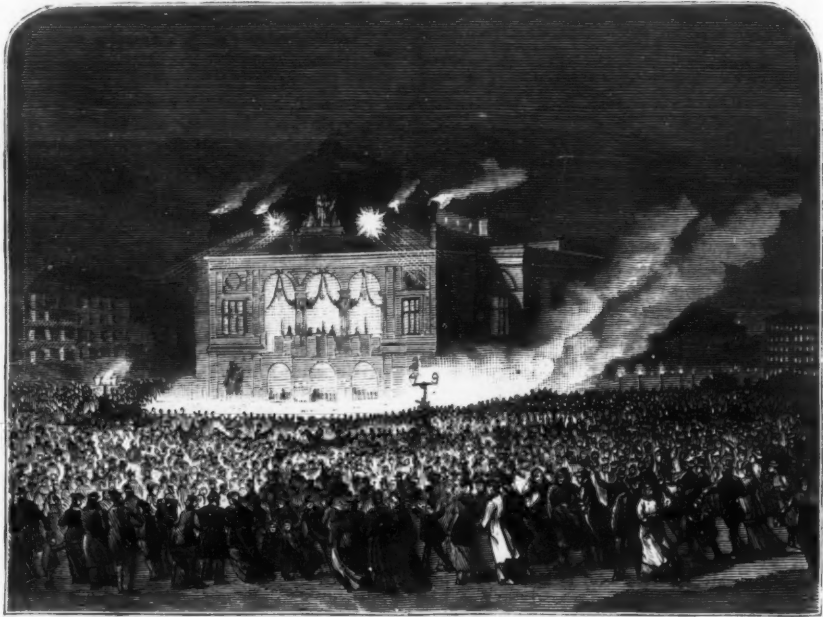
ENGLAND.—PRESENTATION OF A SWORD OF HONOR TO MAJOR CHARD, DEFENDER OF BORKE'S DRIFT.



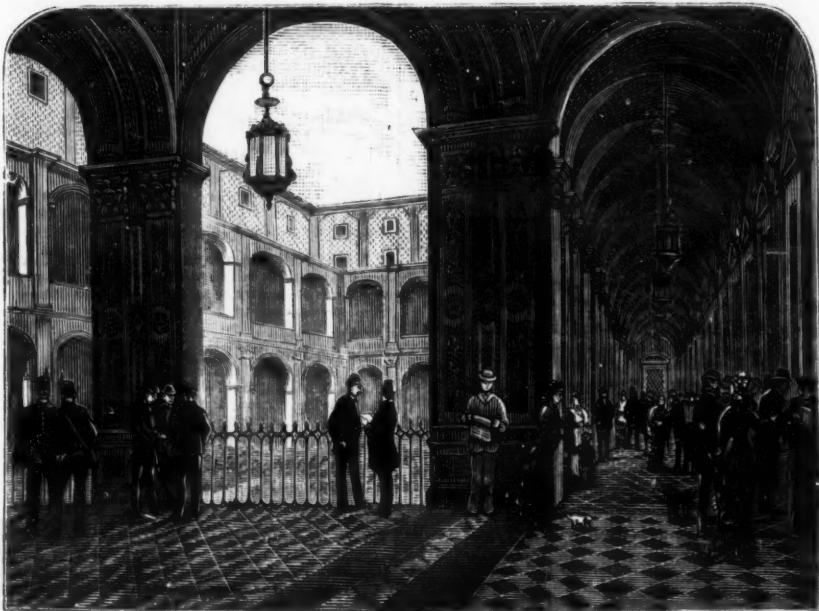
GERMANY.—A TIMBER SHOOT IN BAVARIA.



FRANCE.—RETURN OF THE CHAMBERS TO PARIS.—THE RESTORED HALL IN THE PALAIS-BOURBON.



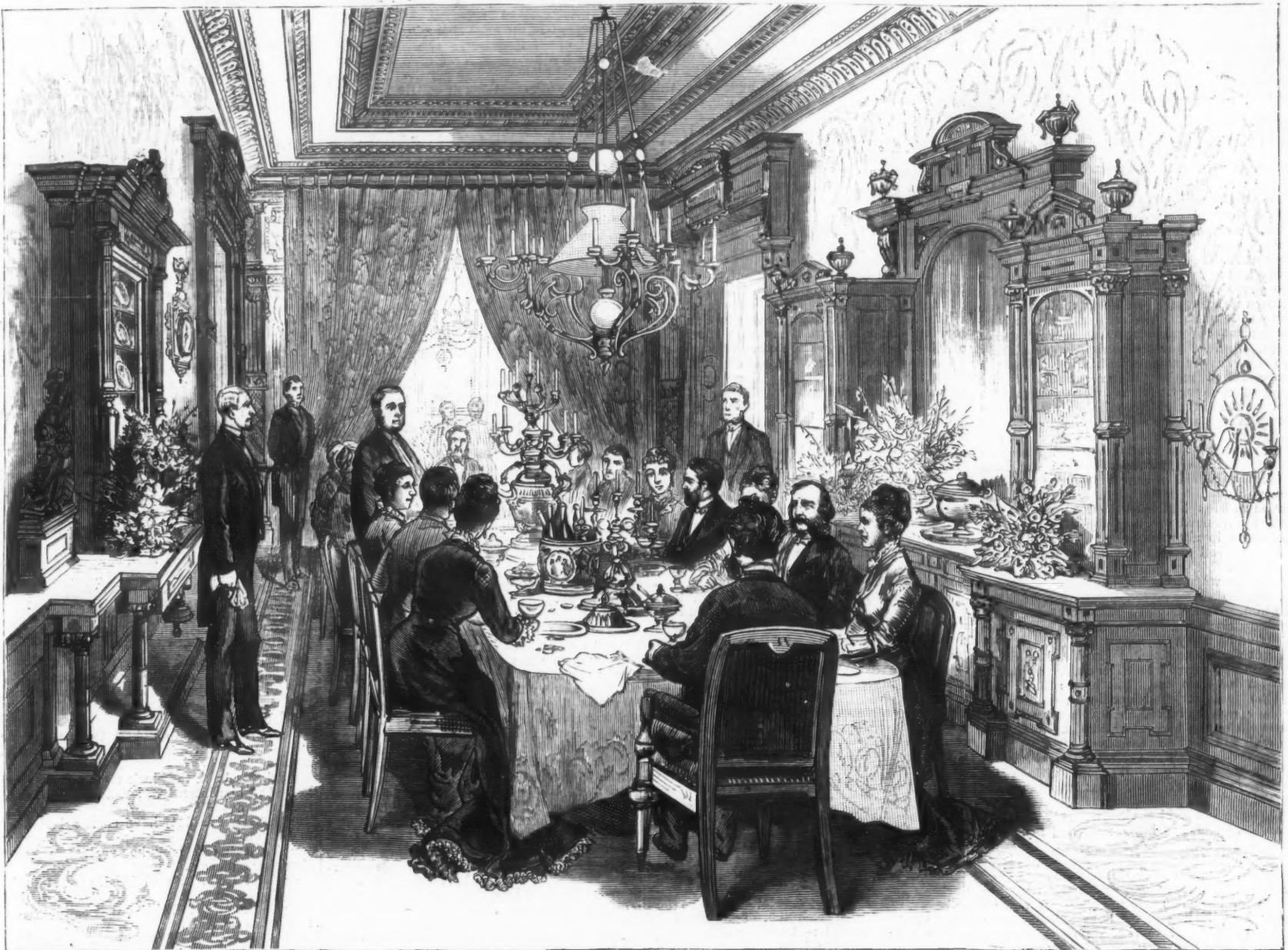
DENMARK.—STUDENTS' PROCESSION ON THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF OEHENSCHLAGER'S BIRTH.



ITALY.—NEW BUILDING OF THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT AT ROME.



HOLLAND.—MORNING SCENE IN THE FISH-MARKET AT AMSTERDAM.

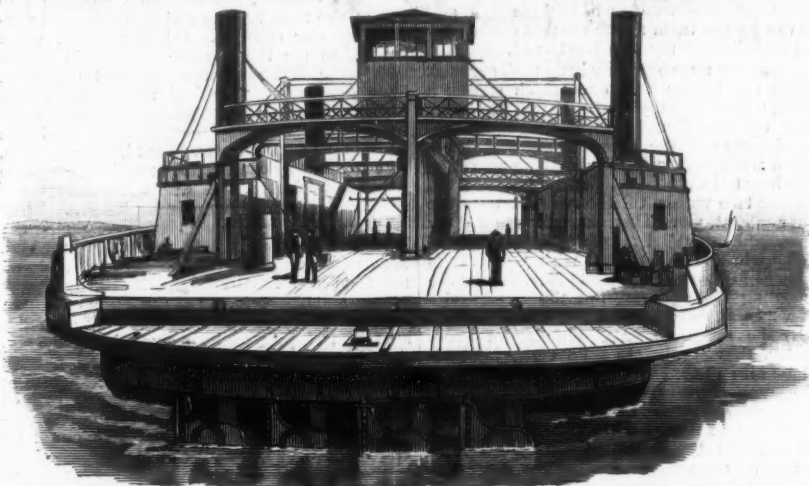


PENNSYLVANIA.—RECEPTION OF GENERAL GRANT AT PHILADELPHIA.—DINNER GIVEN THE DISTINGUISHED GUEST BY MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS AT HIS RESIDENCE.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. BERGHAUS.—SEE PAGE 291

A MONSTER FERRY-BOAT.

WHAT is confidently called the largest ferry-boat in the world was given a trial on Monday, December 1st, at San Francisco, and behaved satisfactorily in every respect. The *Solano* was built for the transportation of passenger and freight cars across the Straits of Carquinez from Port Costa to Benicia. Her dimensions are: Length over all, 424 feet; length on bottom (she has no keel), 406 feet; height of sides in centre, 18 feet 5 inches; height of sides on each end, from bottom of boat, 15 feet 10 inches; molded beam, 64 feet; extreme width over guards, 116 feet; width of guards at centre of boat, 25 feet 4 inches; reverse, sheer of deck, 2½ feet. She has two vertical-beam engines of 60-inch bore and 11-inch stroke, built at Wilmington, Del. The engines have a nominal power of 1,500 horses each, but are capable of being worked up to 2,000 horse-power each. Upon the deck of the *Solano* are four tracks extending her entire length, with a capacity for carrying forty-eight loaded freight cars, or twenty-four passenger coaches of the largest class. The rudders are worked by an hydraulic steering gear, operated by an independent steam pump. The rudders are connected with the ordinary steering gear, so that, in case of any disarrangement of the hydraulic apparatus, the vessel may be guided by it. The advantage of this improvement is that the immense craft can be handled with ease by one man, whereas, if the ordinary wheel and system of steering were used, six men would be required at the wheel.

By the new route, on which she is to be run, the distance between San Francisco and Sacramento will be but 85 miles, instead of 140 miles, via Liver-

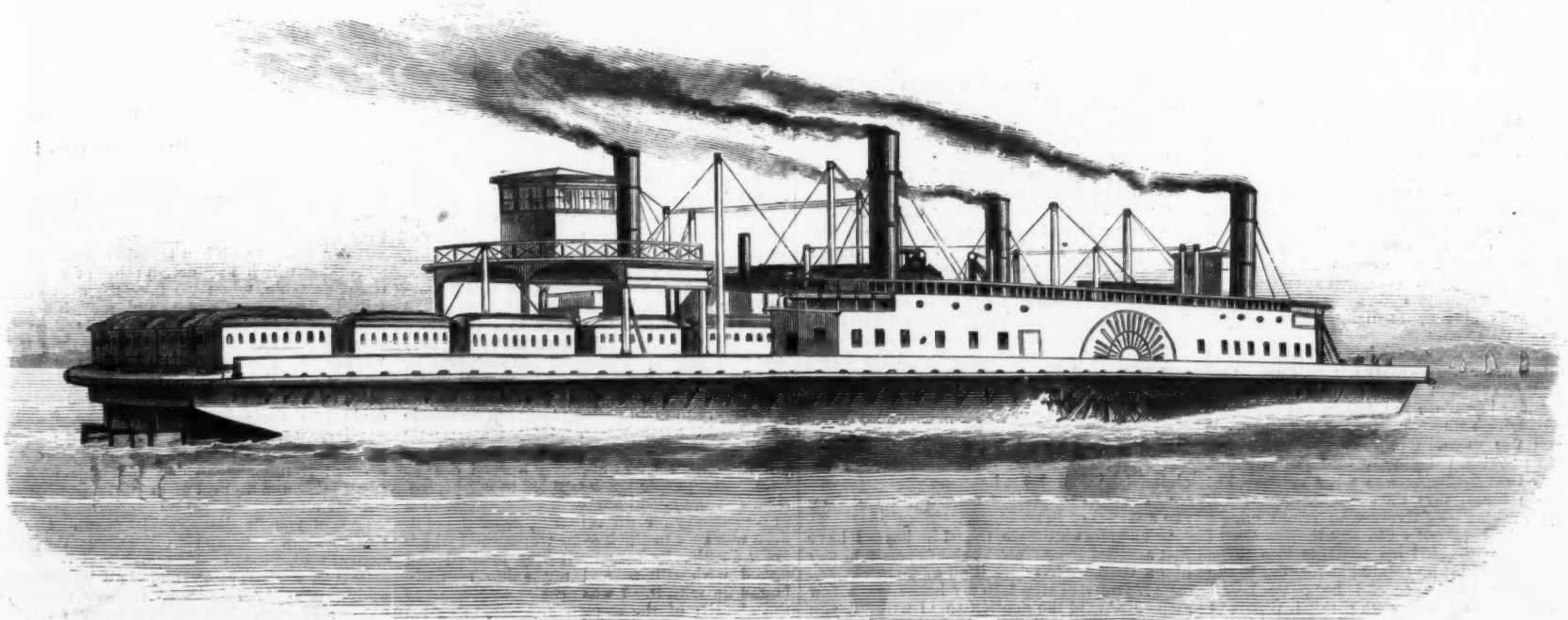


STERN VIEW OF THE "SOLANO," SHOWING THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE FOUR RUDDERS.

more, and 151 via San Pablo. It is expected that upon her establishment on the ferry line the Vallejo route will be practically abandoned, only local business being done through it.

DIogenes' TUB A WINE-JAR.

ANOTHER harmless and familiar delusion has been swept away by the restless broom of scientific investigation. The tub of Diogenes, so graphically depicted by Busch in his inimitable "Bilderbogen," has been relegated to the dismal limbo of discredited myths. Diogenes, so we are sternly informed by German archaeologists, never lived in a tub at all. The illustrious stoic resided in a jar—a sort of overgrown earthenware pitcher without a handle. Careless translators, who have recklessly rendered the Greek word for "wine-jar" by the comparatively modern substantive "tub," are responsible for the error in which humanity has been unwittingly plunged for ever so many hundreds of years. Pliny assures his readers, ancient and modern, that tubs are of Gallic origin. Diogenes can have known nothing about them. The Greeks kept their wine in jars, frequently bottomless, and thrust into the soil of their cellar floors, so that the liquor poured into them might not dribble out through inequalities in the lower rim of the amphora. It was in one of these bottomless pitchers that Diogenes took up his abode. Placed upon its side, he slept in it; set upright, he walked about in it. There is monumental evidence extant to the fact that he chose for his dwelling a cracked and chipped jar, unfit for liquor-containing



CALIFORNIA.—THE LARGEST FERRY-BOAT IN THE WORLD.—SIDE VIEW OF THE "SOLANO," BUILT TO TRANSPORT PASSENGERS AND FREIGHT ACROSS SAN FRANCISCO BAY.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. CONKLIN.

purposes, being prompted to this selection by his hatred of anything like luxury or wastefulness. In certain districts of Brazil, the aborigines formerly buried their dead in jars exactly similar to Diogenes' earthenware freehold; and these quaint coffins are still not unfrequently found, containing mummified bodies of priests and warriors, with their ornaments and arms, under the giant trees on the banks of the Paraíba, where abide the Coraëdas, a civilized Indian tribe.

THE STRANGE DOCTOR.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, LL.D.,
AUTHOR OF "ST. LEGER," ETC., ETC.

"By-the-way, what has become of Conant?" I asked of my college classmate, Luther Evans, the well-known, in fact, celebrated, surgeon, whom I encountered by accident at the *Hôtel Bellevue du Lac*, at Zurich.

We had not met for five years, and here, on the shore of this beautiful lake, chance had thrown us together. We spent the evening in calling the roll of our classmates, and in comparing notes of information as to each one of them. Some of our companions were already in their graves; some who had started rich in promise had made shipwreck beyond any hope of recovery. There were others who had arrived at the happy haven which prosperity is supposed to afford; others still were struggling to reach it. The larger portion were married; a good many yet remained single. Sickness, misfortunes, and bad luck generally seemed constantly to have attended several; good fortune, firm health and unvaried success had been the lot of a few. It turned out, however, that the majority were recipients, in about equal proportions, of the ordinary good and ill which attend our poor humanity.

"By-the-way, what has become of Conant?" "Ah, Conant—Prince Albert, as we used to call him. Well, he was a prince in nature and conduct. Have you heard nothing of him?" was my friend's reply.

"Not for a long time. I saw him in Chicago six or eight years ago. His career appeared to be a brilliant one. Not long after, I was told he had left the place in an unexpected manner, and had gone no one knew whither. Ames spoke of a love affair, but I knew Conant too well to credit any such nonsense."

"Ames is a fool!" ejaculated Evans, with emphasis—"simply a fool; that is all!"

"Then you don't know what has become of Conant?"

"I have not said that. In fact, I do know what has become of him," returned my classmate.

"Well?"

"I do know; no one else knows—no one else," muttered Evans, rapidly. "I know what has become of him. I shall tell you. It will be easier kept if you and I both know—easier kept. Your word to secrecy of course. I shall feel better satisfied after I have told you. Because, you know, I doubt sometimes the evidence of my own senses in this matter."

I confess I began to suspect some mellow wine we were drinking was having an undue effect on his senses; but I said nothing. I was soon undeceived. For Evans continued as quietly and methodically as if he were amputating a limb, quite in contrast with his nervous manner at the beginning.

"You remember, Albert Conant and I were room-mates for the whole four years. Of course you know it, and how we were called Damon and Pythias, and all that sort of thing. The only one who fully shared our friendship was yourself. How well you know that, too, else would I now be making this revelation? When we left college we still kept together. We attended one course in Philadelphia, one in New York. Then we went abroad. Conant devoted himself principally to medicine, and I to surgery. It was all the more agreeable, for we had a wide range of topics to talk about, and there were many branches which we pursued together, listening to the same lectures and walking the same hospitals. From Paris we went to Vienna; this was to please me, for there were special advantages there in my department. How enthusiastic we were! How truly ambitious of a career! I had abandoned medicine as a leading pursuit and gone over to surgery from a total lack of faith in the dispensatory. We were, all of us, so it seemed to me, groping in the dark, and, for my part, I was desirous to feel myself on firm ground. Not so Conant."

"I admit," he said, "that medicine is not a science; but tell me, are we not making an advance?"

"No doubt—no doubt," I would say; "but it is mere experiment, after all. I am not willing to prescribe a medicine when I cannot predetermine its effect upon my patient. A conscientious practice of medicine is mere expectancy, and that is no practice at all."

"You talk nonsense," Conant would answer. "Progress in medicine comes as progress comes in all other things, by careful study, observation and experience, and the practical application of our experience. It shall be my ambition to do something before I die towards placing medicine in its proper position as a science."

"Ah, he was very earnest, very sincere. I recollect, after we came back to Paris, that Magendie gave him a terrible shaking-up at his opening lecture in the Autumn at the *Hôtel Dieu*, of which Magendie was at the head. It was on the memorable occasion when that famous physician distinctly told the students not only that medicine was not a science, but almost in terms that the dispensatory was a humbug, asking derisively who could cure a headache? He went on to say that in one of his wards he divided his patients into three classes. The first he treated according to the dispensatory, to the second he gave bread pills and colored water, the third received nothing at all. The latter grumbled a good deal (*les imbéciles*, as the lecturer called them), but all got well. Every one in the

second class also recovered. A few in the first class died. 'Nevertheless,' added Magendie, 'we are making progress, and I have hopes at the end of a hundred years that medicine will have become a science. Then, no doubt, phthisis will be cured.' I enjoyed the lecture hugely, and from time to time nudged Conant, as much as to say, 'What do you think of it?' for he was a great admirer of Magendie. As we left the lecture-room after he had concluded, Conant took my arm, exclaiming: 'That is what I call a great man—a man who, with such a reputation, dares to say he does not know! What I have heard does not one whit discourage me; it does me good. I am quite content to spend all the years of my life in the attempt to advance the progress of the most interesting, most humane, and the most beneficent of studies.'

"We came home at last. I settled in New York. Conant went to Chicago, where certain advantages by way of acquaintances and introductions awaited him. It was not long before he became known. His career was rapid and brilliant. We saw each other very seldom. Twice in the course of ten years he visited New York for a day or two—he came expressly to see me—twice I was in Chicago, I may say literally for the purpose of seeing him. Those were days of the highest, truest enjoyment; memorable days never to be forgotten. I found Conant unsoiled by worldliness, selfishness or small ambition. The same lofty purpose which filled his breast when a student still inspired him. Meanwhile our correspondence never slackened, so that our friendship did not become an old memory, but was preserved fresh, increasing all the time. I had already married, and it was but natural that I should urge Conant to go and do likewise. I used even to add a bit of worldly wisdom to my suggestion, telling him how advantageous it was for a physician to be a married man. His reply would be: 'All in good time, my friend—all in good time, my friend; when the right person comes along I shall make haste to follow your excellent example; till then, *patienza*, as the Spaniard says.'

"Well, a time came when Conant was engaged to be married. He announced it in his characteristic way, and instead of giving me particulars he said, 'Come and see for yourself.' This I had made up my mind to do and wrote him accordingly. His answer came without delay. It was a long letter, written in his happiest vein, with a smack of his old student habit, and brimful of current incidents and topics; no allusion to his engagement, for that would not be like him, but I could see plainly that he was living in a paradise.

"I shall never forget that letter—it was the last I ever received from him. I answered it within ten days, and told Conant that I was going to give myself a long vacation, at least for me. I was to spend two weeks in the Adirondacks, and that he might look for me at furthest in three weeks from the date of my letter. Four days after, I left New York, disposed of the two weeks as I had planned, and was to take the train at the nearest station the next morning for my trip Westward.

"Late that afternoon our little mail arrived. Among my letters was one which struck a sudden terror into my soul. It was the letter I had addressed and mailed to Conant, returned to me with the indorsement, '*Not found*.' I felt a wretched, sickening, sinking sensation at my heart. I sat perfectly still, my eyes fixed on those two words, till the twilight began to gather about me. This brought me to my senses. 'Pshaw!' I exclaimed to myself, aloud, 'what is the matter with you? It is some odd blunder at the post-office. A mistake in reading the address, but the superscription was painfully legible and the residence not to be mistaken. A blunder—a gross blunder, that is all. In forty-eight hours it will be all right. I will overhaul those post-office fellows for giving me such a start. I will make a special report of the case to the Postmaster-general, that I will!'

"I started early the next morning. Notwithstanding all my reasoning, a dead weight hung at my heart the whole way. I reached Chicago on the morning of the second day, about half-past seven. I drove directly to Conant's house. I ran up the steps and rang the bell nervously. I waited for a response, but none came. I rang again and again—no answer. A market-boy who was passing with his basket, stopped and looked at me.

"There ain't no one living in that house, mister," he said.

"I thought Dr. Conant lived here."

"He's moved away."

"How long since?"

"Oh, more than three weeks ago."

"Where has he moved to?"

"Don't know; and the boy trudged on."

"I felt relieved by this colloquy; there was some excuse for the return of my letter, though a flimsy one, since Conant was so well known. I was about driving to the house of a mutual friend where I might learn where he had removed to, when a gentleman, who lived in the house opposite, who evidently had been a witness of my dilemma, crossed the street and addressed me.

"You are looking for Dr. Conant, I presume?"

"Yes."

"The doctor has left Chicago."

"Good God! you don't say that!" I exclaimed. "How did it happen?"

"A very sad affair, I assure you, sir. You are a friend of the doctor's?"

"The most intimate friend he has. I have just arrived from New York expressly to pay him a visit. What does it all mean?"

"If you will step into my house for a few moments," said the gentleman, "I will tell you the little there is known about it."

"I was only too glad to accept his invitation. His narrative was brief.

"You know," he said, "the doctor was soon to be married." I assented. "The young lady was one of the most charming in Chicago. She died, about four weeks ago, after an illness of a few hours—a most mysterious and inexplicable illness. Upon her death the doctor disposed of everything he had, including his medical library, in fact, everything to the most minute articles, and left the city. He told no one where he was going, not even his most intimate friends, and nobody knows where he has gone. No one has heard a word from him, the whole matter is enveloped in mystery from beginning to end."

"Sadly I descended the steps, declining the worthy man's invitation to take breakfast with him, and drove to the house of the friend I have just mentioned. I really could get from him no information in addition to what I had already received. Some details were added about the rapidity with which Conant disposed of his effects. He would converse with no one, he entered into no explanations, and in this strange manner he quitted the place where his labors had been so brilliantly successful.

"That evening I took the train back to New York. I knew, after a while, I should hear from Conant. I knew it was impossible for him to abandon the friendship that existed between us. No doubt he was stunned by so swift and sudden a blow; after the first terrible shock should be over he would come and see me, or let me know where I could go to him. He never wrote, he never came, and for nearly seven years I was in ignorance of what had become of him."

Evans paused so long in his history at this point that it actually seemed as if he had brought it to a conclusion, although I had felt it had scarcely been begun. I had no disposition to break the silence, and at length he resumed.

"You must not suppose that in those seven years I made no effort to discover his whereabouts; you must not suppose I waited patiently for him to communicate with me. I employed every means which I could devise to reach him; nothing which my ingenuity could suggest was left unattempted. I visited Chicago again, hoping to gain some clue, however trifling, but I could find nothing which gave me the least assistance. I went to see his relations, but they knew less than I did. They were his cousins, for Conant's parents were dead, and he was an only child. After that, I commenced a system of advertising. I would cause notices to be inserted in the leading newspapers all over the country, and also in Europe—notice which no one would understand but Conant, but which he could not fail to understand. I kept this up year after year. I sent them to every principal city in the United States, to London, to Paris, to Amsterdam, to Berlin, to St. Petersburg, and other places. No token came from these efforts. As you will perceive, by-and-by, not one of all these notices ever reached him—could not have reached him."

"Last Summer I made an excursion into one of the most remote and unfrequented portions of our country. I had reached what seemed to me the extreme border of civilization—the last settlement in that direction. Two gentlemen, who had accompanied me, had given out about ten miles below, and were to wait for me till I had accomplished this little extra trip. I took a smart lad for a guide, and in this way comfortably reached the place I have indicated. A dozen families were scattered about in as many log-houses. They were engaged in felling timber—clearing the land, and, to some extent, cultivating the soil. A set of hardy, energetic pioneers, such as you meet on our northwestern frontier. I was made heartily welcome at the cabin of one of these, a 'shake-down' was promised me, and a seat at the table as long as I chose to stay. As to trout-fishing I could not go amiss; all the small streams which coursed from the mountains towards the river were full of trout. For game, anything from the fox-squirrel to the catamount and bear could be had without much extra search.

"I do not know why I should be going into these particulars," continued Evans, after another pause, "except that I dread to approach my subject. I tell you that Conant's disappearance had made such an impression on me that I preferred these solitary excursions to any other; they served, in a degree, to tranquilize my mind—and—and—I don't know exactly what I want to say, or, rather, how to express myself; but it always seemed to me I might meet him somewhere in some strange, out-of-the-way place. Do you understand?"

I nodded.

"The second day I was following a small mountain stream filled with stones and occasional large rocks, which guarded deep pools of water, called by boys 'Trout-holes,' where I had to fight my way against the thicket of branches which almost completely secluded it. I had dropped my line into one of these holes, to reach which I was obliged to stand upon two slippery stones. A splendid fellow had seized the bait, and to secure him I made a sudden lurch to one side, heedless of where I was standing. The result was, in endeavoring to save my foothold, my ankle turned and I fell. I feared possibly that I had strained it seriously, and I had nothing to do but to hobble back to the cabin, which was, at least, a mile distant. It was slow work, and before I reached there I was suffering a good deal of pain. The people knew nothing of my profession, and the good housewife set to work in a practical way for my relief. One of the children was sent to pluck some wormwood which grew in the inclosure. It was bruised and mixed with spirits, and my ankle speedily bound up with it. I was greatly interested in the alacrity of the woman and the practical knowledge she displayed.

"If it is not any better by morning," she said, "we must have the doctor look at it."

"The doctor?" I exclaimed. "Do you mean to say that you have a doctor in this little settlement?"

"Yes, indeed. He was here before any of us."

"There flashed through my mind a premonition; then came a sharp, sudden pain, as if a knife had pierced me. It was with difficulty I caught my breath.

"The woman noticed it. 'I fear you are getting ill, sir,' she exclaimed.

"Yes, I feel very ill indeed," I said. "Can't you get the doctor here right away?"

"He lives a mile and a half off," she answered, "but I will go myself. He won't come unless a person is very sick. He is a strange man."

"Tell him," I said, "that I am very, very sick, and he must hasten." I thought since I had begun to falsify I would not make any half-way work of it.

"Oh, I hope you are not so bad as that," said my hostess.

"Yes, yes; I am," I answered. "Be quick, I beg of you. Stop one moment," I exclaimed. "What is the doctor's name?"

"He don't appear to have any name, sir. At least, nobody ever heard it. I told you he was strange. We call him the 'Strange doctor.'"

"So saying, she started on her errand.

"I threw myself upon the bed and wrapped my cloak around me in a way that completely concealed my face. I knew who was coming—knew to a certainty."

"In about three-quarters of an hour I heard footsteps approaching. I peeped through a fold in the cloak, and saw, entering the cabin with the woman, a large, stout man, dressed in the coarsest materials, with long, flowing hair and uncut beard. He wore upon his head a slouched hat. From underneath the broad brim shone eyes which, once seen, could never be mistaken.

"It was Conant."

"He came up to the bed, and in a quick, decisive tone he asked, 'What is the matter with you?'

"Not a soul was present in the room; the woman had gone to attend to her regular duties—not a soul was in the room save Conant and I."

"I threw back the cloak from my face and looked at him intently. He did not appear to recognize me."

"Albert," I said, "I have come a long way to see you."

"To torment me," he replied, without changing a muscle.

"Good God!" I exclaimed, "can this be you, Conant?"

"No; it is not I. Does that satisfy you?" was his answer.

"It does not satisfy me," I said. "I will not be satisfied till I hear from your own lips what all this means. My presence here is accidental. I did not know you were in the vicinity. Had I known it I should have come, of course. I have searched for you over the world these seven years—these seven long years, by every means that I could devise. Now, that I have found you, I will have an explanation. I will not quit the place till I get it, if I stay here the balance of my life."

"I had risen from the bed, thrown aside my cloak and stood confronting him. His agitation was fearful to witness. Large drops of perspiration gathered on his forehead and rolled down his face. His breathing became difficult and his frame shook.

"You are not ill?"

"He spoke at last and in a natural tone."

"A slight twist of the ankle not worth mentioning," I said. "Thank God, I hear your natural tone once more," I continued. "Conant, I will not intrude myself on you, except to hear how this has come about. That I must know."

"You shall have it," he replied, after a pause. "I cannot refuse as we stand face to face, but I would have traversed a thousand miles to have avoided it—to have avoided you."

"To have avoided me, Conant?" I said; "Have you no memories of our past companionship, no thought of our old life together?"

"Nothing, nothing whatever," he replied, in a perfectly calm tone. "If I exhibited emotion on seeing you it was not from such recollections, but—no matter. How shall we manage?" he continued, after a long pause. "If you would hear what I have to say you must come with me; this is no place for it; but you cannot walk, and I have no means of transportation."

"I will walk," I said, "if every step is an agony."

"I made the best preparations I could. The two hours' rest disclosed there was nothing serious after all, and taking Conant's arm we proceeded to his dwelling."

"You know there is a certain magnetism, a something which produces a sense of genuine companionship, when we take the arm of a friend. Between Conant and me this was always experienced in the strongest degree. Now there was none of it, no more than if I were grasping an inanimate object for support."

"Not a word was spoken the entire distance. We reached the place at last: a plain, log cabin like those in the neighborhood only smaller. The door was wide open and I went in. I found myself in a room which contained a small iron bedstead and bed, one chair, a small table and a chest of drawers, positively nothing else."

"Will you lie down," said Conant. I said that I was all right, and sat down upon the bed. Conant took a seat beside me.

"It is a short story, and shall be quickly told," he spoke, in a sharp, incisive manner. "You may remember the last letter I wrote you in reply to your promise that you would soon visit me—a long letter, wasn't it? Is it not strange," he added, abruptly, "that we are

permitted no warning, no presentiment, no subtle, psychological premonition of what almost instantly is to happen to us, involving catastrophe and destruction. The letter, yes. I posted that letter with my own hands. It was already evening—here Conant's voice grew hurried. "On my way home I stopped to see Eleanor; we were to be married in three months, three months from that very day. Who Eleanor was and what she was to me—you used to know me and you may imagine."

"I was in particularly high spirits when I entered the room. I found Eleanor quite in the same mood. She always enjoyed the perfection of health. We spent an hour together, then some friends came in, and in the course of our general badinage, one of her cousins remarked:

"I think it is too bad, doctor, that Eleanor has never given you an opportunity to show what a skillful physician you are. Can't you persuade her to be a little sick just for once?"

"No, indeed; not even for once," I said.

"On due consideration," exclaimed Eleanor, entering into the spirit of the scene, "I believe I am a little ill this evening, and am sure I should feel all the better for one of your prescriptions."

"The jest ran round, Eleanor from time to time describing imaginary symptoms of a decidedly nervous character, and insisting that for the last two nights she had not slept well at all.

"When it came to the point, however, that I was actually pushed by the company for a prescription, I unequivocally declined to make one.

"Ah," said Eleanor, "you do have patients who imagine they are nervous, with whom there is nothing whatever the matter, and for whom you are forced to prescribe. I have heard you say so. Now, I insist upon such a prescription. Do you know," she added, turning to one of her friends, "I have never yet set eyes upon one of his prescriptions."

"It seemed foolish to continue serious, so I took my tablet and wrote this." Here Conant produced a small scrap of paper. It read:

"R. Tr. Humuli - - - Zi.
Sig—One teaspoonful in a wine-glass of water on retiring.
CONANT.

"This, you, of course, know," remarked Evans, interrupting his narrative, "was nothing more than the tincture of hops, utterly harmless. Neither narcotic nor anodyne, slightly sedative only.

"This will prove of the greatest service to you, madam," I observed, with a professional air. "In the morning I shall expect to find you entirely recovered." There was a general laugh as I made the announcement and quitted the room with solemn dignity.

"I had several visits to make, so that I did not reach home until after eleven. The first object my eye rested on as I entered the hall was a favorite maid-servant of Eleanor's. She started up quickly on seeing me.

"Oh, doctor," she cried, "Miss Eleanor has been taken so sick. I have been waiting half an hour for you to come in. They said you might come in any minute."

"Will you believe it, my first impression was that this was a ruse from the hilarious party I had left to bring me on the scene again. A second glance at the messenger undeceived me. "What is it?" I asked.

"I don't know, doctor. My young lady is dreadful. Won't you come right away?"

"I was at the house in five minutes. When I went in, her mother met me.

"Doctor," she said, "what can be the matter with Eleanor? Almost immediately on taking your prescription she began to have the most fearful symptoms."

"Did Eleanor really carry out the joke and send for the medicine?"

"Certainly she did. Was there any harm in it?"

"No more harm than in a spoonful of milk; but I had no thought she would send for it."

"Why, immediately on taking it, her suffering commenced. After a few minutes I was alarmed; we sent for you. She grows worse every moment."

"I went into Eleanor's chamber—her chamber. She was in bed, in agony—in a great and not to be controlled agony."

"Albert," she cried, "I am so very, very ill! How long you have been in coming to me. You did not know how ill I was, did you, Albert? But you are so wise, you will relieve me; I know you will."

"There she lay in the thrall of death. You will understand the symptoms: A pungent heat in the palate and fauces; a burning sensation in the stomach; a numbness over the limbs, even to the extremities. The action of the heart intermittent and weak, with violent retching, yet the head clear, and three-quarters of an hour lost. You know what that means. "Where is the medicine?" I asked. The vial was placed in my hands. It was the tincture of aconite which had been put up instead of my harmless preparation!

"All the remedies my experience could suggest were employed. It was too late. I knew it beforehand."

"Eleanor," I said, "I have murdered you. A fatal liquid has been sent instead of what I ordered."

"She essayed to put her arms about my neck and to impress a kiss on my forehead. She expired as she made the effort."

"What more is there to tell? I rushed to the druggist's. They had sent to the first petty place which came in sight. I roused the principal and demanded the prescription. It was correct. It had been put up by a young man considered to be competent and having experience. He fled that very night. Flight was confession. I was content that the wretch escaped."

"I saw Eleanor laid in her grave; then I

quitted the accursed town and went into the wilderness, where, I scarcely know. After a season I came here. Now let me conduct you back to your house."

"One word, Conant," I exclaimed. "Have you really nothing to say to me, your old, tried, loving friend? Do you throw me off in this way without a thought?"

"You misunderstand," he answered. "I do not throw you off. I have no feeling—none. No sensibility touching the past remains to me—only Eleanor. I live only with Eleanor."

"But," continued I, "you do interest yourself in something. The folks here call you 'doctor,' and you came to me as such, not knowing who I was."

"Conant laughed an unnatural laugh. 'It is true I sometimes attend these innocent people. I prepare their medicines with my own hands. Bread pills and colored water from Magendie's dispensary. It is my entire pharmacopœia—ha, ha, ha! Nobody dies.'

"But, Conant, have you no thought of duty? You with your talents, your acquirements, the prospects that might still await you?"

"Prospects! Talk you to me of prospects when her voice is hushed? Talk you to me of prospects who should call myself her slayer by making a jest of my profession? Prospects for me! Think you I could encourage a new ambition with that scene—a living scene—before me? Come, come!"

"He helped me back to the log-house and turned and left me."

Just then a company of merry voices broke in on us—hearty, healthful, strong. These came from a party of English people who were rowing about in their boats.

I looked at my watch. It was exactly twelve o'clock.

"Evans," I said, "there is no sleep for me to-night. Let us go on the water."

"It is what I was about to say myself," he replied.

We quitted the room and engaged a sturdy fellow for the night. A full moon shone over the mountain peaks and across the green valleys and upon the smooth waters of the lake.

We talked of everything—everything except what had lately so intensely held us; chatted about trivial scenes and nonsensical matters; and, so strangely contradictory are our human attributes, we laughed and we jested over them.

In this way the night wore on—the night during which neither of us felt willing to land.

It was not till the sun had sent his first glance above the glacier, across the bosom of the lake, that we attempted to find rest in a brief slumber.

WASHINGTON MARKET.

PREPARING FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

WHAT a cheery, joyous sight is Washington Market in the holidays! How redolent of Christmas, its plenty, its revelry! How suggestive of groaning tables and aldermanic feasts! Laneways of beef, groves of mutton, skies of game! Assuredly the good old times have returned in this year of grace, and we shall find ready-roasted pigs running around the market, crying, "Who'll come and eat us?" Let us pause opposite a stall where Lucullus himself would have tarried for hours. Mr. Drohan, with his partner, Mr. Powell, so like the Lester Wallack of twenty years ago, in the "smock-trock" of trade, cheerily greet us. They are surrounded by bear, buffalo, moose, venison, wild turkey, wild geese, canvasbacks, red heads, quail, partridge, grouse, teal, pigeons, squabs, woodcock, pigs in rigging, possums, terrapin, tame fowl of all kinds, and other varieties of game too numerous to mention.

"Step in," says the lynx-eyed Drohan. "Take care of that bear," laughs Powell. "Look out for the buffalo." "Keep clear of the antlers of that buck." "Steer past those partridges." "Give the possum a wide berth." Amid friendly and timely warnings of a similar character, after having accidentally fallen foul of a grizzly, and become impaled in the antlers of a Minnesota buck, having run the gauntlet of a buffalo with a disinheriting countenance, the artist and I found ourselves in the sanctum of this the most extensive and most influential game firm in this or, indeed, any other known market.

"I never knew game so dear and so scarce," said Mr. Drohan. "We didn't send fifty pair of canvasbacks to Europe this year, and last year we forwarded 500 pair. There are no ducks at Havre de Grace, and the New Yorks are poor and uncertain. I sent twenty-five pair to an up-town hotel this morning, and I had to pick them out of two barrels, and each barrel holds thirty pair. The largest canvasback I ever handled was seven and a half pounds. If I damped him I could have made him eight pounds, but this I never do. Seven pounds is the average weight of a top canvasback. The wild turkey has the flavor of a grouse and is all dark meat. It is greatly run on. We have no pigeons except what have been shot at matches—they are out of season. Quail are unusually dear. I never recollect them so dear. We get our bear from all quarters, principally from Maine. We got two last year from the Catskills; one of them wounded the man who killed him. The only venison we care to sell comes from Minnesota. The venison from this State is of no use to us. I sell it at a cent a pound, and it's only bought by the Germans. They kill venison on Long Island still. Two hundred pounds is a very fine buck, 150 pounds is a good average—225 is extra large. The heaviest turkey I ever handled was thirty-eight pounds. I had several honest turkeys at that weight last Thanksgiving."

Mr. Powell denounced the game law that precludes the selling of venison in New York State after the 1st of January.

"If I want to sell venison I have only to go over to New Jersey and get the buyer to meet me there," he indignantly exclaimed. "The Game Club have had a meeting relating to this venison question, and it was proposed to allow the season to remain open till 1st of February. All venison and game that does not come to New York goes to Europe or Massachusetts. One hundred thousand dollars' worth of game is sold between January 1st and March 1st, and another \$100,000 worth would be sold if the law were amended. We must see to this in Congress, pay a good fee, and get a Bill passed that will suit the views of New York dealers in game."

How tempting are the stalls! How seductive the proprietors thereof! Was there ever such beef!—not even the loin that the Merry Monarch dubbed Sir Loin!—ever such mutton? Little Bo-Peep should be here, as the sheep have left their tails behind them. What fish, from the lordly salmon to the prickly sprat, from the gigantic halibut to the oleaginous sardine. What fruits! Oranges such as must have grown in the garden of Hesperides;

apples to tempt not only Adam but St. Anthony; pears from California, grapes from everywhere, and then the bananas and plantains, and guavas and the thousand and one tropical fruits. Shall I not pay tribute to the peanut, as well as to the bumptious growth of cocoa? What dried fruit! What butter, and bacon, and cheese! What color-glory in vegetables, from the golden carrot to the primrose-hearted cabbage! What flowers, too, and trees and plants! How well-tempered and good-humored and cheery is every one. What nudging and elbowing and "By your leave there!" What bargaining and chaff and fun! There are many cheery sights at this cheery time, but the cheeriest of all is a walk through Washington Market.

GRAND RECEPTION OF GENERAL GRANT IN PHILADELPHIA.

EVEN in the season of her Centennial excitement Philadelphia was never more brilliant with decorations nor demonstrative with enthusiasm than on Tuesday, December 16th, when the first of the grand series of welcome festivities was extended to General Grant. A committee had journeyed to Harrisburg to meet him, and upon his arrival at the Broad Street intersection of the Pennsylvania Railroad, he was formally received by Mayor Stokley and the city authorities. While carriages were conveying the party from the station, the military were forming in line for the great procession. In addition to the local and State militia there were representatives of the National Guard of other States, and a good-sized division of veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic from countless cities. The parade moved from the intersection down Broad Street to Market, down Market to Fourth, down Fourth to Chestnut, up Chestnut to Thirteenth, up Thirteenth to Vine, up Vine to Broad, down Broad to Passyunk Road, and counter-marched on Broad Street so as to be reviewed by General Grant, Governor Hoyt and Mayor Stokley from the Union League Building.

A triumphal arch was erected directly in front of the main entrance to Independence Hall, between Fifth and Sixth Streets, which spanned Chestnut Street entirely. It was very large and richly decorated. In front of John Wanamaker's Chestnut Street store a magnificent structure was erected, spanning the street, and being covered with bunting, evergreen and appropriate mottoes. The firm also built a platform capable of seating several thousand persons in front of their depot on Market Street. Plumer's American House, one of the ancient landmarks of Philadelphia, opposite Independence Hall, was so elaborately decorated that it attracted general attention; and the building now occupied by the New Bound Brook Route, between New York and Philadelphia, was also attractively and conspicuously dressed out for the occasion. The arch in front of the State House, and that of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the Commercial Exchange, and, in fact, the greater portion of the decoration done by the city, were in the hands of Mr. J. G. Scheible, who showed much taste in his department. After the parade General Grant was driven to the residence of Mr. George W. Childs, on the corner of Twenty-second and Walnut Streets, where he was welcomed by a very distinguished company of ladies and gentlemen. The magnificent dwelling of the host was brilliant with flowers, evergreens, gas jets and lighted tapers. A princely banquet was served in the grand dining-room, at which Giesler's Blue Seal accompanied the choicest viands of the season. After the banquet, General Grant and wife received a number of personal friends; and in the evening they were honored with a serenade by the German singing societies of the city.

The programme for the remainder of his visit is a very full and interesting one. As near as the various committees have been able to decide, it embraces the following features: On Wednesday, December 17th, a reception occupying two or three hours, will be held at Independence Hall, and in the evening a reception at the residence of Mayor Stokley. Thursday, December 18th, a reception by the Grand Army of the Republic, and in the evening a Grand Army camp-fire at the Academy of Music, with speeches, music, etc. Friday, December 19th, a reception by the Commercial Exchange, Maritime Exchange and Board of Trade, and in the evening a reception at the residence of A. J. Drexel. Saturday, December 20th, a reception by the school-children and teachers at the Academy of Music, and in the evening a banquet and reception by the citizens at the Academy of Fine Arts. Monday, December 22d, a visit to Girard College and other public buildings. In the evening a reception at the residence of General Robert Patterson. Tuesday, the 23d, a reception by the Union League, for which extensive preparations are being made.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The British Residency at Cabul.

Our engraving shows the interior of the Residency buildings looking northwards, and the position where that little party of brave men, defending the Residency against five thousand armed barbarians and fanatical assassins, took refuge at the last hour of the protracted combat. The upper parapet, it will be seen, had been perforated with loopholes, hastily made by the besieged, for the purpose of firing through them upon the mob of assailants below. The walls, being constructed of dried mud or plaster laid over thin brickwork, are everywhere marked with bullet-holes, and so are the doors likewise. To the left of this view appears a small turret rising outside, which is that of the Kala Fernagee, whence the Afghans were enabled to fire upon the roof of the Residency.

Major Chard's Sword of Honor.

On Monday, November 19th, Major Chard was presented with a sword of honor and a chronometer in recognition of his heroic defense of Rorke's Drift, Zululand, the ceremony taking place at the Plymouth Guildhall. The scabbard is ornamented with panels representing the Mission House at Rorke's Drift, the arms of Plymouth and England, Vulcan forging the arms of Achilles, a trophy of broken Zulu weapons, an allegoric device of a lion and an elephant, symbolizing the triumph of the British arms in South Africa, the Victoria Cross, the arms of Major Chard and the Royal Engineers, a trophy of Engineer's tools crowned with laurel, Britannia, and St. George and the Dragon.

A Timber-shoot in Bavaria.

The rivers in the flat parts of Bavaria are obstructed by weirs, to keep the water always at a certain level, through which "shoots" are made, so that the rafts of timber which come down from the forests above may pass the barrier. The "shoot" in the present case was about 200 yards long by 7 or 8 wide, bordered at the bottom and sides, down which the water rushed from the higher to the lower level. Although considered very exciting in Bavaria, this method of timber-raiding is quite tame beside that in Nevada, of which we have given an illustration.

Return of the Deputies to Paris.

The French Chamber of Deputies took possession of the restored quarters in the Palais-Bourbon at Paris, on November 26th, and for the first time since the eventful 4th of September, 1870, the business of the nation was transacted in Paris, the bewildering. The "Government of Versailles" now exists only in history.

The Fish Market, Amsterdam.

Amsterdam, the Holland parent of New York City, with its many canals and intercourse by water, has, of course, a great fish market, and travelers complain that

it adds to the already excessive number of bad smells. The supply of fish is large and of good quality, and the inhabitants show that their food is good and thoroughly enjoyed in spite of a malarious country and the swarms of mosquitoes. The sketch of this part of Amsterdam, though lively and humorous, is perfectly genuine, and presents actual types of the worthy citizens who would probably claim kinship with some of our Knickerbocker families.

Celebrating Oehlenschläger's Birth.

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Adam Oehlenschläger, the Danish poet, was observed with much ceremony at Copenhagen on November 14th last. The students of the universities were very demonstrative, and after participating in the day services, formed, with torches, an immense procession at dark, and marched through the chief streets. Our engraving shows the crowd at the Museum of Thorvaldsen.

The New Post-office at Rome.

Pope Gregory XVI., in 1839, erected a post office on the Palazzo Colonna, a fine building with a portico of sixteen columns, after plans by Camporesi, but during the French occupancy this building became their headquarters, and the post office was removed to the part of the Palazzo Colonna now occupied by the Senate. It returned subsequently to quarters in the Palazzo Colonna, till the present structure was ready. The Palazzo has been sharply criticised, and it is overloaded with decoration inappropriate on a great public building.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—KANSAS claims an increase of 144,097 in population in the past year, its recent census showing 849,978 inhabitants.

—THE University of the South is to be endowed with three memorial professorships in honor of Bishops Elliott, Polk and Oley.

—THE well-known Wesleyan Chapel, in City Road, London, founded by John Wesley, was nearly burned down on Sunday, December 7th.

—THE French Senate has restored the original figures of the estimate for the stipends of the bishops, which the Chamber of Deputies had reduced.

—It is estimated that there are 150,000 persons suffering from famine in Upper Silesia. They are mostly Poles. The Government is working energetically for their relief.

—THE dissolution of the Bulgarian Assembly by Prince Alexander has produced the utmost astonishment among the Opposition members, who, being in the majority, expected to come into power.

—THE news of the appointment of General Ignatieff as Russian Ambassador to Rome has created quite a scare in Government circles at Vienna. Semi-official newspapers qualify it as a provocation to Austria.

—THE Luxembourg Palace has narrowly escaped destruction. A fire, which had been smoldering for some time, broke out under the flooring of the library, but was discovered and extinguished before it had extended.

—A COMPETITION has been opened for a monument typical of the siege of Paris, to be erected at Courbevoie, in the place of the statue of Napoleon I., which was pulled down and thrown into the Seine after the fall of the Second Empire.

—THE Philadelphia Mint is coining eagles and half-eagles at an average of \$200,000 worth daily. The larger proportion of this amount is in eagles. It is anticipated that the coinage of this Mint during the present month will aggregate \$10,000,000.

—THE Samoan Islands have been entirely Christianized. Out of a population of about 40,000, some 35,000, or seven eighths, are connected with Christian churches. The London Missionary Society reports 26,493, the Wesleyans 4,794, the Roman Catholics 2,852, and the Mormons 126.

—SEVERAL packages containing samples of money coined and assayed at the Mint at Osaka, Japan, during the last fiscal year, have been received by the Treasury Department, with a request from Japanese authorities that the coin be assayed at the United States Mint in order to verify its standard fineness.

—ON December 8th, Queen Victoria received the officers and men who distinguished themselves in the Zulu war. She conferred the Victoria Cross and other decorations on the corporal and three privates of the Rorke's Drift garrison. Generals Newdegate, Crealock and Pearson, and other South African commanders attended the ceremony.

—A DISPATCH from Pesth reports that the Koros River has risen rapidly in consequence of severe snowstorms, and has inundated the City of Grosswardein, Hungary. Thousands of the inhabitants are fugitives in need of shelter. Many houses have been destroyed. The neighboring villages are threatened with destruction. The general distress in Hungary is increasing rapidly.

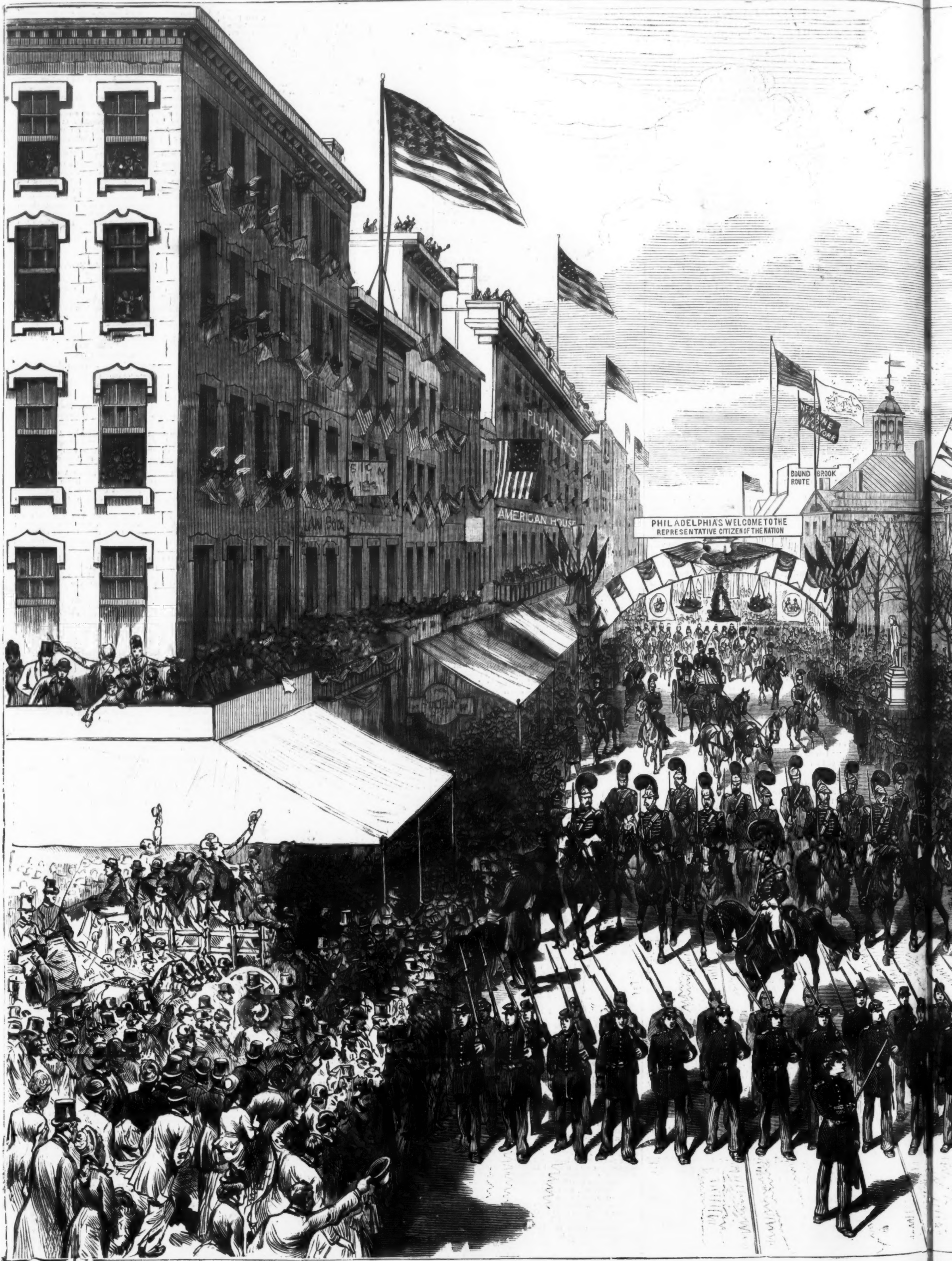
—THE Utica Cheese Board of Trade held its final meeting December 8th. According to Secretary Gilbert's report, the trade of the season of 1879 amounted to \$1,488,000. The average price for the whole season was about 8½ cents. The amount of cheese sold is only 21,000 boxes less than was sold last year, the entire amount being 301,000 boxes, or about 18,000,000 pounds.

—INFORMATION from Massowah represents that King John is marching forward with the main body of the Abyssinian Army and forty guns. It is said that he is determined to occupy the districts of Semmar and Galabat in the Blue Nile Territory. He declares that European intervention will not prevent him from enforcing his just claims, including an indemnity for past Egyptian aggression.

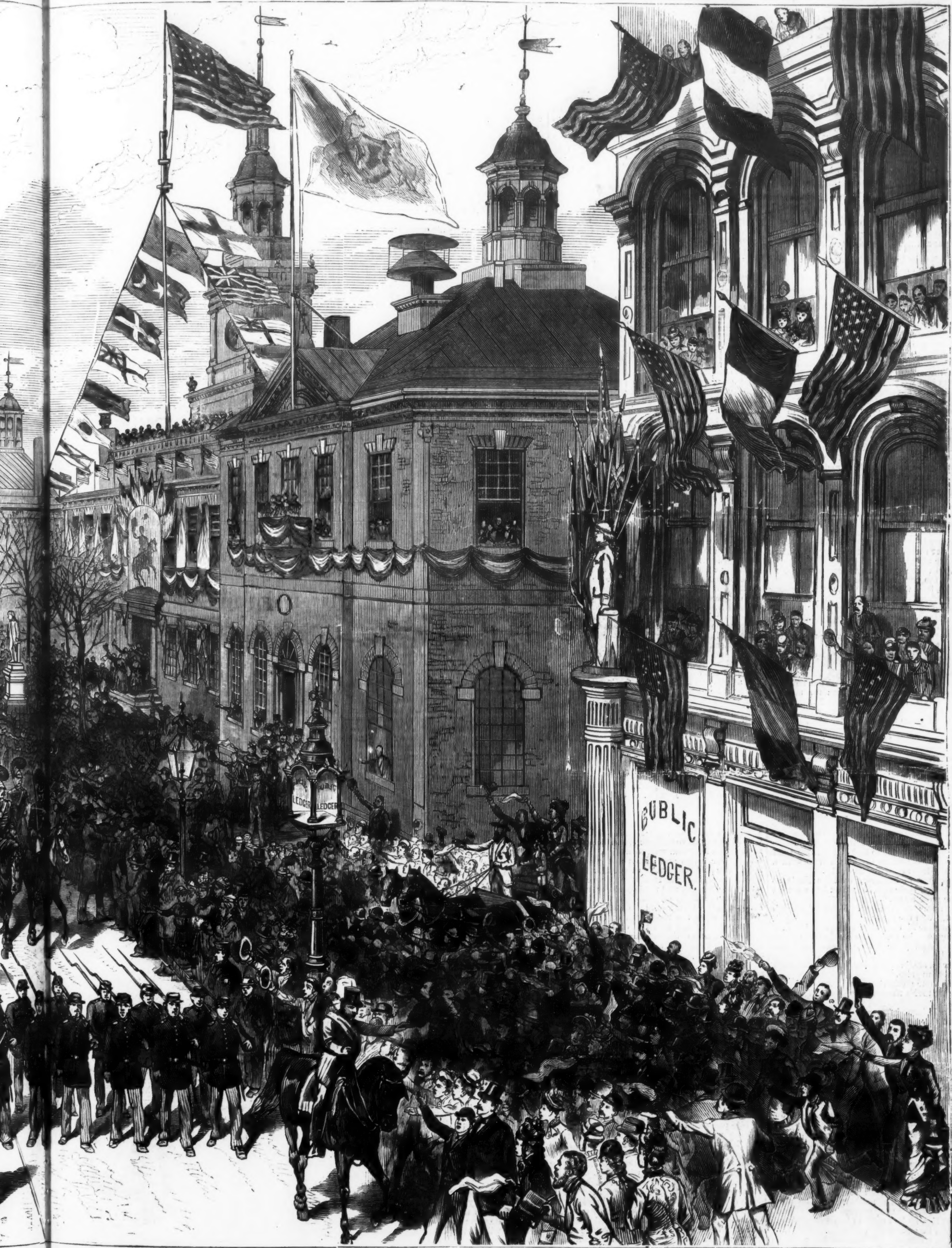
—AN elaborate report has been submitted to the National Board of Health by the Havana Yellow Fever Commission. "Yellow fever," the report says, "habitually prevails in every place in Cuba from which reports were received, provided these places are of any size or commercial importance, and contains any considerable number of unacclimated persons to furnish food for the wide-spread poison."

—THE Committee of School Superintendents and Commissioners, who have just reported upon the school systems of this State, declare that the Legislature of the State of New York should revise and consolidate all school supervision and administration under a State Board of Education, and that this Board of Education should appoint the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, who should serve at the pleasure of the Board, and be subject to its direction and instruction.

—MR. BINGHAM, United States Minister to Japan, in dispatches to the Department of State dated October last, says the exports to the United States now exceed those to all European states combined, and that the Japanese have introduced compulsory education. Mr. Bingham entertained the members of the Swedish expedition to the Northeast Passage. He says they have demonstrated that the Lena River, which rises in the interior of Siberia, can be reached from the Pacific, and that trade with that region may be prosecuted from our shores.



PENNSYLVANIA.—RECEPTION OF GENERAL GRANT AT PHILADELPHIA—THE GRAND PROCESSION PASSING



ASSING INDEPENDENCE SQUARE ON CHESTNUT STREET, DECEMBER 16TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY A. BERGHAUS.—SEE PAGE 291.

VANITY.

THE sun comes up and the sun goes down,
And day and night are the same as one;
The year grows green and the year grows brown;
And what is it all, when all is done?
Grains of sabbre or shining sand,
Sliding into and out of the hand.

And men go down in ships to the seas,
And a hundred ships are the same as one;
And backward and forward blows the breeze;
And what is it all, when all is done?
A tide with never a shore in sight
Setting steadily on to the night.

The fisher droppeth his net in the stream,
And a hundred streams are the same as one;
And the maiden dreameth her love-lit dream;
And what is it all, when all is done?
The net of the fisher the burden breaks,
And always the dreaming the dreamer wakes.

THE HIDDEN WITNESS.

By the author of "That Husband of Mine."

CHAPTER XV.—FROM POVERTY TO LUXURY.

"SIR, may I see you in private a moment, after the play?"

The gentleman who spoke was seedy, threadbare and handsome, after a certain style. The features were small and delicately outlined. The hair was rich, abundant and silky, though much too long for the then prevailing fashion. He was a man whom women would find attractive, even in his poverty.

The scene was the auditorium of a theatre, and all the goods and splendors thereto appertaining. Romantic rocks and falls and shadows upon the stage, with a rustic bridge, and a woman in a wonderful costume, crossing it—fine dresses, dazzling jewels, and many beautiful faces congregated together, to shine, to smile and to weep over the fortunes of the heroine.

The man to whom the seedy young fellow spoke was, after his style, also a handsome man, though in the midst of his abundant locks a small circle on the crown of the head might be seen quite bald, and here and there a silvery thread made itself visible among the raven tresses. His eyes were prominent, large and well-shaped; his mouth was shaded by a heavy mustache, and his clothes were cut after a military fashion. He looked in the younger face for a full second, with a startled, perplexed air, before he answered his question. "In need—a reporter," he said to himself; "and yet the face thrills me strangely." Then he spoke aloud.

"I will see you—anywhere—outside, as soon as the performance is over."

"Thanks," was the answer, and the young fellow leaned back satisfied. His look and manner haunted the other painfully, and he said again to himself, "I'll wager a dollar the fellow is hungry."

At last the curtain came down, and the two men moved out and gained the sidewalk.

"Do you know me?" asked the elder personage, as they paused for a moment under the gaslight.

"I have heard of you, sir. Your name is De Neale; you write the leaders for the *National*," was the answer, delivered with great modesty.

"Yes; I write the leaders for the *National*, and my name is De Neale, or supposed to be. But it is my habit to visit a restaurant after an evening at the theatre. You won't object to a few oysters, I suppose?"

The change that passed over the young man's face verified the suspicions of De Neale. Without doubt the stranger was hungry. They entered a neat saloon and sat down to one of the tables. De Neale ordered oysters, chicken, coffee and eggs. His voice had a curious burr in its tones, which most people noticed at once, and he lisped. The stranger did not take much note of these peculiarities, for, to tell the truth, he had fasted more than twelve hours, and as his host fell to with a seemingly keen appetite, so did he.

"And now to business," said De Neale, as they finished their coffee. "You have not yet told me your name."

"My name is Vintresse. I am of French extract," was the reply.

"Vintresse!" the other repeated, his face changing, and he passed his hand over his eyes twice. "And your father—was his name Emile?"

"It was, sir," replied the young man, with a look of surprise.

"Was your mother's name Eleanor?"

"My mother's name was Eleanor," said Vintresse.

De Neale leaned forward.

"Ah! that's what the likeness meant. Can it be possible that you are Eleanor's son?"

"That was my mother's name, sir—Eleanor," the other answered with some emotion.

"Was! Then she—is—dead?"

"She has been dead, sir, five years."

"Dead—five—years! Young man, come to my office to-morrow—I can't talk now," said De Neale, visibly affected, "and for your present necessities—don't be quibbling," and he slipped a ten-dollar bill in his hand. "You shall find a friend in me."

On the following day De Neale was not surprised at an early call. He took young Vintresse into his box, as he called the small office where he wrote daily, and in the midst of the thunder of the press-work, and constant calls for copy, listened to his story.

Vintresse had lost both parents, his father at an early age, his mother when he was eighteen. The little patrimony that had been left him he had sunk in bad speculation, and at last he emigrated to California to try his luck as a miner. His success for a time was indifferent; but sickness overtook him, then want, and he had worked his way to the city, hoping to find some paper where he

might earn his living as a reporter, having a natural aptitude for that profession.

Mr. de Neale listened patiently, scanning his features with a half-pleased, half-melancholy smile.

"Young man," he said, when the story was finished; "how old should you judge me to be?"

"I can scarcely decide," was the reply, "but you certainly are not yet forty."

"I am not yet fifty, but very near it. I knew your mother years before you had existence. She was then one of the loveliest creatures I ever saw. For years I worshiped her, and at one time my suit seemed likely to prosper. But your father crossed my path. If she had never seen him—well—no matter—the dream of what might have been came to an end, and the brightness of my hope went out with it. Your mother was the one love of my life, and though I married—his lips worked—"I have never forgotten her. Judge whether I feel inclined to help her child—the son who bears her very features."

Young Vintresse was visibly affected. He stretched out his hand, it was cordially grasped; his voice trembled as he murmured his thanks.

"And now we will walk a little if you are ready," said De Neale; "there is plenty of manuscript on hand—come." The two went out together. Vintresse was ashamed of his clothes. He looked more than shabby beside the well-dressed and portly De Neale, and his undeniable beauty made the contrast more observable. He could not help lingering a little in the rear.

"In order to get such a position as you deserve, you must patronize the tailor," said De Neale, and led him into one of the most fashionable establishments in the city. Observing that an expression of pain passed over the sensitive features of Vintresse, the other said, laughingly:

"This is to be a debt, mind you. I'm not going to ruin myself for you. You can pay me whenever you please."

"Then it shall be the first money I earn," was the prompt reply.

"As you like; I will put you in the way speedily," said De Neale, and there was a pleasant meaning in the smile and glance.

"You shall be my son, for Eleanor's sake." This sudden interest in a total stranger could never have been accounted for even by those who knew De Neale best. Towards his associates he was apt to be gruff and overbearing. Few people really liked him—those with whom he was thrown into business contact called him mean and narrow-minded. He had an unpleasant way of talking to himself, then suddenly starting and frowning, or looking about him like one lost. But he wrote powerful leaders, excelling in denunciation, and dealing out wrath without mercy to his political opponents. None knew his antecedents. He had made his appearance one morning in a shaggy suit of clothes, with beard and hair untrimmed, introduced himself to the editor of the *National*, a pale, nervous man, and left with him several specimens of his style in political writing. The editor had long been looking for a man of that stamp, and engaged him at once. Finding him a facile writer, he had held him by the tenure of a good salary, and would have given him any price within the bounds of reason sooner than have parted with his keen practical though withal bitter pen.

De Neale spent his money lavishly, but did not go much into society. He had a suite of rooms in a good hotel and lived like a prince—was very fond of the theatre and of cards, played sometimes for money and always won. Women he seemed to hold in detestation, and rarely condescended to notice them, though more than one managing mother in the hotel had sought to ingratiate herself in his good graces for the sake of some pretty daughter. The ladies called him the Bear, and the men voted him exclusive and intolerant. His rooms were large, lofty and well-furnished. He had a fancy for tables and stands and plenty of light. The stands and tables were all adorned with flowers, books or statuettes. There were plenty of lounging and reading-chairs, and an exquisite collection of paintings, which were his own property, adorned the walls. So very luxuriant were the belongings of the apartments, opening one into the other, that the curious denizens of the house sometimes bribed the chambermaids to let them have a sight, and the Bear little guessed that his private property had been properly valued and estimated, his books handled, his pictures admired, and himself docketed as a rare prize for that woman who should find favor in his eyes. When, therefore, he came to the *table-hôte* no longer alone, but accompanied by a young man of transcendent beauty—verdict of the ladies—glances were exchanged and a new interest felt by those to whom De Neale had become a matter-of-fact personage.

Young Vintresse thoroughly enjoyed his strange good fortune. He had been furnished a situation where the pay was good, lived on the fat of the land, occupied the rooms of his benefactor, to the manifest satisfaction of the latter, and enjoyed his confidence—or fancied he did. On his side De Neale stipulated for the sole possession of his friendship. He was to have no intimates or familiars, at least, none he would feel privileged to bring to his apartments while he remained with De Neale. When these restrictions became burdensome he was to leave and go where he thought proper. The partnership continued for two years, and the friendship of these men seemed likely to continue unbroken. It was privately rumored that Vintresse was the major's son—he allowed himself to be called by that title—and many were the guesses wasted on the subject, many the debates beginning and ending with wonder and with doubt. Vintresse bore his honors meekly, submitting to be admired passively, now and then joining the ladies in

the public parlor, where he charmed them by his sweet voice, and turned the tide of prejudice, if any there were, by the delicate appreciation with which he favored the more than kind attentions of the pretty girls, who but wasted their sweetness when trying to charm him. The only fault they found with him was that he treated them all alike, whereas, had he singled out any particular one to whom to pay his devoirs, the rest would quite likely have been ready to tear her eyes out for vexation and envy. He had studied the major and knew many of his peculiarities. One of these was a fondness for light and a strange aversion to the dark. The gas never went out in his bedroom, day or night. As there was but one window in it, and that looking out into a passage of the hotel, it was sometimes quite necessary to use this precaution. Another habit of his was to rise about three in the morning, and either walk the floor or sit down to his writing. Many of his best leaders were written at this time, and Vintresse grew accustomed to the infliction, and finally slept through it.

They were enjoying the comfort and luxury of their quarters one stormy night. Each had a table and armchair of his own drawn before the large open coal fire. The windows rattled and the storm blasts beat against them, but six burners illuminated every nook and corner of the handsome parlor, and under their effulgent faces of marble beauty and groupings of rare design and finish made an alluring picture for the eye to rest upon in the pauses of reading. De Neale seemed to peruse the paper he held with interest. It was an Eastern publication. He never read his own leaders after they were published. Vintresse turned over the pictures of a very choice illustrated art volume, now and then expressing his admiration aloud.

"One wants to be rich," he said, at last, "when one looks at these things."

"Why, rich?" queried De Neale, without removing his eyes from the paper.

"Oh, one could indulge one's tastes without feeling that the expense was ruinous—that's all."

"And what would you care for such things after you got them?" queried De Neale, with a nod towards the engravings in question. "Much as some men care for a wife they have been at infinite pains and trouble to win, and after they win her," he snapped his fingers derisively.

"Still, one would like to marry some time," said Vintresse. De Neale looked over his paper at him, and a soft red color flushed the fair cheek of his protégé.

"Do you remember anything of your early home life?" he asked, after a pause. "Was it a happy home when your father was living?"

"I think it must have been. I remember at one time my mother was ill, and how tenderly, upon her convalescence, my father brought her down stairs in his arms."

De Neale's dark cheek flushed deeply, and his brows knit.

"He did not live long enough to grow cold, I suspect," he said, after a longer pause.

"Pardon me—you do not seem—that is—I mean," floundered Vintresse, uncomfortably aware that he had touched upon delicate ground.

"I have queer notions of domestic bliss, perhaps you would say—well, I have, rather—if I were minded to tell you my experience you might think that I have good reasons to—and—did it ever occur to you how few women commit murder?"

Vintresse, shocked and startled and indignant all in one, laid his book upon the table, and looked at him as if he considered him a lunatic.

CHAPTER XVI.—DID HE SEE A GHOST.

"I MEAN murder *de facto*," added De Neale, quietly; "no doubt they can do the slower kind of work, without either poison or cold steel, simply by leading their husbands such a life that it becomes killing by slow torture. But we will change the subject. See here—here is something I have been reading that has interested me for years—but I am biding my time." He wheeled his chair nearer to Vintresse, and placed the paper where the latter could read an article which was outlined with black ink. Vintresse read silently.

"Forester!" he mused aloud, as he looked up. "My mother used to know a Mrs. Forester, the wife of a judge, quite an elderly man. She was young and beautiful, I remember, and there was a little boy about my own age. I wonder if this man is the son of the old judge?"

"Yes; I know he is," said the other, quietly, taking a cigar from a richly lined pearl box; "he has been at work on that case for several years."

"And he is likely to gain it?"

"Yes, in favor of the daughter of Anne de Roosevelt, who married a Lacy, and gave the property, then not considered of much value, to his daughter by will. Since then the land has been steadily increasing in value until now it is worth, as it stands, more than a hundred thousand dollars. I'm watching this thing with great interest—can you imagine why?"

"Of course I could scarcely be expected to know why," said Vintresse, smiling.

De Neale turned towards him, took the cigar from between his lips, and watched the gray-white spirals as they slowly ascended before he answered. Vintresse watched him narrowly, and, despite the love and respect he had cherished for this man, something in the expression of the eyes, nay, of the whole countenance, gave him a strange, sickening aversion which he overcame only by a strong effort of the will, so that his feelings might not betray themselves.

"I'll tell you why," said De Neale, lingering on every word, like one rolling a sweet morsel under his tongue. "I bought that land of Clare

Teresa Lacy—queer fancy for odd names that family had—and I've got the conveyance of title, deed, and everything, snug and sure. More than that," he added, with slow, concentrated bitterness of word and gesture, "I married Clare Teresa Lacy; and if the land went by will to—our child, why, then I'm safe. It stands to reason, don't it?"

Addressing himself thus to Vintresse, he never looked round, but went on coolly smoking his cigar.

"But why haven't you moved in the affair before now? There need not have been a lawsuit," said Vintresse, much impressed by the subtle power of this man as betrayed in his speech.

"Well, circumstances controlled me; and then I'm constitutionally lazy. I thought I'd let them fight it out—the land increases in value every month, as the city stretches towards it. I bide my time. There would and will be some unpleasant things to rake up, and I don't care to stir them till the last moment, contenting myself with the knowledge that I shall not be a beggar in my old age. I was not very happy with Teresa; she was a sickly, moody creature."

The manner more than the words implying an utter lack of tenderness, chilled Vintresse. His dark eyes flashed with involuntary anger mingled with contempt.

"Then you have a child?" he said.

"Oh, yes." De Neale threw away the stump of his cigar and helped himself to another.

"Pity you don't smoke, Vintresse," he said. "It's the greatest luxury of my life. I long for dinner. Why? Because after dinner I smoke."

"Is your child a son?" asked Vintresse, nervously fingering the leaves of the book of which he had again possessed himself.

"No; a girl," was the brief answer.

"A girl!—without a mother's care. Her father—"

"Don't waste your sympathy, Vintresse," said De Neale, coolly. "I have kept track of the girl, who was put out of my hands, and most effectually," he added, with a curiously bitter laugh. "Well, no matter; she fell into good keeping, and waits for me to claim her, being in the meantime put through all the feminine paces, kept at a good school, taught good manners along with her sewing and dressing. You see, her mother and myself were always at variance. It wouldn't have been best for the child if she had lived. She died years ago—and what the deuce can a man do with a girl? No; it was the best thing that could be done—but I haven't relinquished her—no, by heaven!"

He took the cigar from his mouth, but this time the smoke went up in quick, angry puffs, while he laughed almost fiercely and at intervals to himself. "One must use diplomacy, you see, where so much money is at stake," he said, after sitting for some time in semisilent reverie. "I shall outwit them all—ha! ha! ha! Not a soul of them knows that I am on the face of the earth."

"What! They consider you dead?" said Vintresse.

"Yes, dead as a door-nail; they'd as soon expect to hear the last trump as to hear from me. Vintresse," he turned squarely round now, and regarded his companion with a new expression of interest, "it isn't always safe to unfold one's plans, but I shall look to you for a little help by-and-by, and forewarned is forearmed. No child of mine could be so dear to me as you are. Now, this is not mere sentiment. I'm not one of the sort who make flowery speeches, and pretend that I'm chock full of love when my heart is as cold as chilled iron—passion is not my forte. What I was when I knew Eleanor, your mother, when she was a young girl, does not matter. As I said before, her marriage was almost a death-blow. Well, you are her son, and that is a sufficient passport to my affections—what there is left of them. No, I have a scheme, business and friendship combined; I don't pretend to say it is sheer disinterestedness, because if I did I should lie; but if my child, my little Sylve—another romantic name, you perceive—should fortunately have grown into a beautiful and interesting girl (let me see, she must be sixteen or more) if you could see her, and, seeing her, fall in love with her, why, the next best thing, according to novel-writers, would happen—you would fall into a fortune."

Vintresse had turned, and his face was partially in shadow. Perhaps it might not have betrayed the fact that the young man had also his secret, so the caution was quite superfluous. His thoughts could not be patent even to the keen-witted man beside him. But there are certain letters he has received, packed away in a large red-lidded book, where curious eyes cannot see them; and there are certain letters written—or have been—that are read in a humble little home, far away from this grand Pacific Coast, and wept over sometimes, and sometimes kissed, and sometimes placed on a pillow within the reach of pretty, fragrant lips. It was a great temptation to hold out before the wavering desires of a young man who had to make his way in the world. A beautiful and accomplished wife—a life of ease and luxury—and alas, luxury was becoming essential to his comfort. He had tasted the sybarite fare, and slept under her dainty coverlet, and trodden upon her rose-leaves, and then, sometimes absence does not make the heart grow fonder, though I do not pretend to say that it was so in his case. Certainly there might be room for doubt. There was silence for a time, then De Neale spoke.

"What do you think of it?"

"You do me great honor; I certainly thank you—nothing could be kinder—I—I—" and there he stumbled and floundered.

"You can best tell when you see the young lady," the other said, laughing. "Well, of course, I exact no promise. That would be the act of a fool; but when the time comes that

I claim my own, why, then, you shall have the first opportunity. I do not fear for her decision—let her but look in your face. And for you—yours is not a nature that thrives in poor soil—you were born to be a gentleman. Given money and position, and you could do anything, intellectually, that you should set your hand to. Given poverty—my God! I know what that is—he passed his hand over his eyes with a gesture peculiar to him. "Yes, I know what it is to be tempted of the devil, with not a penny in my pocket to bless myself with. Oh, heaven! those torturing devils of memory!" He sprang from his seat, and took two or three turns about the room, threw open the window and thrust his head out, while the rain beat in, and a great swirl of damp air beat down the gas in all its sconces, till the room seemed filled with the darkness and the storm. Vintresse sprang to his feet, and looked anxiously towards him. He had never seen him in such a mood, and feared, he knew not why, that he would come to grief if it lasted; but the window was shut, quietly, and, as if with great care, the curtains brought into their decorous folds, and De Neale turned from the window, saying, "The storm must be hard upon the ships at sea," and resumed his seat taking a fresh cigar. Was it fancy? Vintresse thought that, in that moment of uncontrollable suffering, his hair had whitened perceptibly—that the face was paler and the mouth drawn and white.

(To be continued.)

ANTONIO FAENTINI GALASSI.

THE subject of this sketch was born in 1845, in the City of Lovetto, the cradle of distinguished singers such as Salvatori, Capponi, Boccolini and the celebrated dramatic prima donna Marziani. In his early youth he showed a great disposition to become a singer, and under the able tuition of the renowned basso, Benedetto Paddel, made such progress in his musical studies that at the age of twelve, on the occasion of the visit to Lovetto of Pius the Ninth, he sang at a sacred concert in honor of the event with such marked success, that His Holiness complimented him with a gold medal and patted him on the shoulders, calling him a "Contraltuccio di primas fera." He continued his musical studies uninterruptedly, when an incident occurred which seriously threatened to mar his career. The war for Italian independence broke out, and, although he was then a mere youth, patriotic zeal led him to join a volunteer corps in order to fight the battles of his country. After his term of enlistment he returned to his family, then residing in Faenza, and his means being scanty, he endeavored to commence afresh his interrupted studies under Maestro Ferroni, of Faenza, who, out of sympathy, offered his services for a mere trifle. His musical progress under this maestro was very marked, and, at a public concert given by the maestro with his pupils, he sang "La Stella Confidente," from Robaudi, and the air "Oh di verdi anilmiel," from Verdi; his success was so decided that the following day a gentleman named Francesco Nessoli, generously offered him his influence and support by getting up a public subscription for the purpose of sending him to Bologna to complete his musical education there, under the able training of Angelo Bianchi, Professor of the Musical Lyceum. After one year's study, he made his debut at the Municipal Theatre, of Lodi, in "La Straniera," from Bellini, and the result was a *fiasco*. His second theatrical venture was an engagement to play first and second-class roles at the Imperial Theatres at Bahia and Pernambuco, Brazil. At Bahia, in the first half of the season, he played second-class roles, and, at the beginning of the second half, he was given the role of Carlo Quinto in "Ernani." His success in the role was beyond all expectation, and his artistic and brilliant theatrical career can be said to date from that occasion.

At the end of the season the company went to Pernambuco, where the theatre was burned down. Such an unexpected catastrophe threw the whole company out of employment. Those members who had means returned to Italy, but the subject of this sketch was entirely penniless, and found himself at the tender mercies of the wide, wide world. In such emergency the president of a social club of Pernambuco got up a benefit concert for the purpose of providing the necessary funds to pay his passage and that of the basso to Bordeaux. On board the homeward-bound steamer Galassai narrated to the captain his misadventures while in Brazil, and the captain, taking great interest in his behalf, suggested a concert on board the ship. Many Catholic bishops from South America who were proceeding to attend the famous Ecumenical Council at Rome, together with the remainder of the passengers, contributed the amount necessary to pay the travelling expenses from Bordeaux to Italy. As soon as Galassai arrived in Milan, he called on Giuseppe Lamperti, the theatrical agent, son of the great maestro, and the latter having heard him, induced the son to engage his services for five years, and he was immediately sent to sing in Ancona during the carnival season of 1869-70, where he achieved great success in "Gemma di Vergy," "Puritani" and "Isabella d'Aragona." He sang in various cities of Italy and Spain until in the Spring of 1874 he was engaged by Colonel Mapleson for the term of five seasons to sing at Her Majesty's Theatre. In the carnival season of 1877-78 he sang at La Scala, and in the Spring of 1878 he sang at Her Majesty's, and in the following Fall he sang at Pisa. His engagement with Mapleson was going to expire December 31st, 1879, but it was renewed for three years longer. In the season of 1878-79 he sang at the Academy of Music in New York, and in the Spring of 1879 he sang at Her Majesty's. His varied repertoire consists of over forty operas. He is at home in the heroic as well as in the lyric art, and his matchless impersonations of great roles stamp him at once a superb singer and a great actor.

RUSSIA'S STRANGE WAR-SHIP.

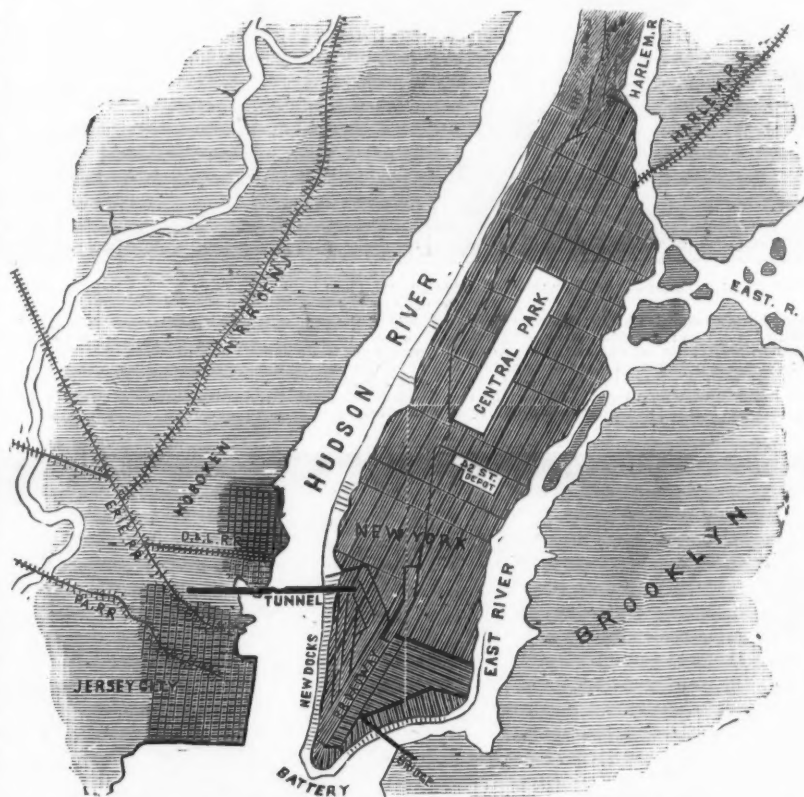
A FIRM of shipbuilders on the Clyde has received an order from the Russian Government for a monster ironclad, which is to be practically invulnerable, and the subject is attracting considerable interest in English official circles. The vessel is to be an armored deck in shape like the back of a tortoise, with sharp edges all round, on which an iron ram may expend its force only to its own injury, or, at most, cut through a mere fringe into one of numerous watertight compartments. The surfaces above and below the water being of the same slope would offer no mark for an opponent's shot, which would glance off without doing the slightest injury, and only vertical fire, which is always unreliable, or battering from above at close quarters, which the monitor's own heavy guns might repel, could be used against such a foe. The old system of boarding might avail; but, as the ship is to be 500 feet in length by 100 feet broad, she would probably carry a great number of men, and boarding might not be easy. The torpedo alone she would have to dread, and against the torpedo she would have to take her chance with the rest. Her armament, according to conjecture, will consist of four or more 100-ton guns, mounted on the disappearing principle, together with appliances for projecting torpedoes; and it is intended to make

her, for attack as well as defense, at least the equal of any other ship afloat. It is calculated that a vessel of such a build, though provided with 10,000 horse-power engines, cannot be of great speed, but this is regarded as of secondary consequence in a ship which is described as unassailable. The circular ironclads which the Russians already possess are regarded as failures because their perpendicular sides offer a ready target to the enemy, and Admiral Popoff, who has designed the new cyclad, is understood to have adopted the idea propounded more than ten years since by a member of the firm to whom the execution of the work is now intrusted. The *Polypemus*, now building for the British navy, will be somewhat similar, in having a sloped deck of iron armor, but she will be small in comparison, and fight only with her ram and torpedoes, being unprovided with guns. The construction of the floating Malakoff is regarded as a serious fact in England, and proposals are being discussed for meeting the case and maintaining the pre-eminence of the British nation upon the seas.

THE HUDSON RIVER TUNNEL.

AFTER many delays, occasioned by injunctions and lawsuits, work on the great Hudson River Tunnel, between Jersey City and New York, is now progressing finely. The entrance to the tunnel on the Jersey side of the river will be from the corner of Jersey Avenue, and Fifteenth Street, to extend thence to the Hudson River about 3,400 feet, thence under the river, curving five degrees northward to the New York bulkhead line, at or near the foot of Morton Street, about 5,400 feet; thence curving slightly southward about 3,000 feet to a point to be selected by the New York Board of Aldermen. The entire length of the tunnel and its approaches will be about 12,000 feet, or about one mile under the river and about three-fourths of a mile on each shore. The tunnel walls will be constructed of the best hard brick and cement, 3 feet in thickness, circular in form, 26 feet in width and 24 feet in height. It will be painted white inside and lighted with gas, with a double-track railway of heavy steel rails upon stone ballast, five feet from the bottom. More than four hundred trains will be able to pass through the tunnel daily. Freight and market trains will have transit at night, drawn by powerful engines made expressly for that purpose, to be run by signals, without bells or whistles, consuming their own steam and smoke, or run with compressed air.

Work was begun in Jersey City in 1874 on the circular working shaft, thirty feet in diameter, which is shown in our illustration. On resuming operations at the termination of the legal troubles, this shaft was sunk to a depth of sixty-five feet. A map of the proposed tunnel shows that it will pass through silt for 3,900 feet, thence through sand and silt to the New York shore. In the sand there is about 400 feet of rock to be tunneled. The bottom of



MAP SHOWING THE DIRECTION AND TERMINI OF THE HUDSON RIVER TUNNEL.

the tunnel is to be from 58 to 102 feet below the surface of the river, and the top is to be nowhere less than fifteen feet below the bed of the river. The greatest depth of water in the river where the tunnel is to cross is a little over sixty feet.

This scheme is being carried on by the Hudson Tunnel Railroad Company, which was incorporated under the general railroad laws of the States of New York and New Jersey, with a capital stock of \$10,000,000.

THE "ORGAN," IN LURAY CAVE.

THIS formation is one of the most curious in all this wonderful cavern. It has fifty-six pipes, great and small, and is crowned with an imposing cornice. Each of the pipes is capable of sustaining vibrations without injury, and, when struck by the knuckle or a light cane, emits its peculiar tone, either sharp or grave. In many instances the sounds are clear, resembling the tones of a bell, and being sustained for several seconds. The largest and continuous stalactites are from thirty to fifty feet in length. When the pipes are struck, one after another, a succession of tones like the chiming of silver bells is produced. As a little experimenting will enable a visitor to pick out a number of familiar pieces, it is not unlikely that if the pipes were tested and marked, a musician would be able to play almost any tune upon them. Near the organ is an arrangement of stalactites called "the Chimes," which, though fewer in number, are far more powerful, their bell-like and musical sounds being heard distinctly at a considerable distance.

The Romance of a Hair.

THE romance of a hair comes from Vienna. A poor girl with beautiful hair went to a barber to sell it. He tried to make a close bargain, saying hair was plentiful this year, and declared he could only give her eight florins. The little maiden's eyes filled with tears, and she hesitated a moment while threading her fingers through her chestnut locks. Finally she threw herself into a chair and said: "Then take it quickly." The barber was about to

cut off the tresses, when a gentleman sitting in one of the chairs interrupted him, and spoke to the girl. "My child," said he, "why do you sell your beautiful hair?" "My mother has been nearly five months ill. I cannot work enough to support us. Everything has been sold or pawned, and there is not a penny in the house." "No, no, my child; if that is the case, I will buy your hair, and give you one hundred florins for it." He gave the poor girl the note, the sight of which dried her tears, and he took up the barber's shears. Taking the locks in his hand, he selected the longest hair, cut it off and put it carefully in his pocketbook, thus paying one hundred florins for a single hair. He took the poor girl's address, in case he should want to buy another at the same rate. This charitable gentleman is mentioned as the head of a large industrial establishment in Vienna.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. Oscar Lenz will shortly start on a tour to Morocco by order of the German African Society.

The American Association for the Advancement of Science will hold a week's session at the Institute of Technology in Boston, beginning August 25th, 1880.

A Russian Officer has invented an ingenious system of night signals on vessels by lighting, by means of reflectors, the smoke of chimneys. A code explains the meaning of the divers colors.

After a close and long examination of the various plans yet sent in for the Channel tunnel between England and France, the well known French engineer, M. Verard de Sainte Anne, has declared, in the presence of many eminent engineers, that the proposal was quite possible and practicable.

Sheet-iron covered with gum of the euphorbia, common and luxuriant in tropical climates, was immersed in Chatnam (England) dockyard, where everything rapidly becomes foul, and when taken out was found quite clean. The gum is intensely bitter and poisonous; hence marine animals avoid it.

The Astronomical Observatory on Mount Etna is almost completed, but the large quantity of snow which has already fallen will prevent the movable iron cupola and the telescope from being fixed till next Summer. The total cost, including a second building, capable of sheltering twenty persons, will be about \$2,500. It is about 9,000 feet above the level of the sea.

A New System of cremation has been promulgated by M. Lissagarry, a Frenchman, who thinks he will be able to do away with the very intense temperatures necessary to reduce the body to ashes. The difficulty in cremation is to decompose and reduce to ashes tissues containing seventy-five per cent. of water; but M. Lissagarry over-

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

BISHOP ELDER of Natchez will be appointed coadjutor of Archbishop Parcell.

CHIEF-JUSTICE FISHER, of Wyoming Territory, has tendered his resignation to the President.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS has gone to the south of France to devote his whole time to his forthcoming work on "Divorce."

THE Marseilles Municipality has voted 20,000 francs for the erection of a statue of M. Thiers on one of the open spaces of that town.

THE Federal Assembly of Switzerland has elected Dr. E. Welti, of the Canton of Aargau, President of the Confederation for the year 1880.

THE Bishop of Peterborough, who is to preside over the next Anglican Church Congress, has appointed September 28th as the time of meeting.

THE monument to be raised to the late General Colton, of California, is to cost \$40,000, and is to be a small chapel in marble and granite, exquisitely carved.

THE Board of Regents of the University at Albany have secured the services of Hon. David Murray as superintendent of advanced collegiate examinations.

At Washington they are expecting the Sultan of Turkey will have to recall his diplomatic representatives to this country for want of money to support them.

EX-SENATOR ALEXANDER RAMSEY, of Minnesota, has been appointed and confirmed Secretary of War in place of Hon. George McCrary, appointed Circuit Judge.

THE engagement is announced of Mr. Hamilton Fish, Jr., to Miss Mann, of Troy, a sister of Mr. Francis N. Mann, Jr., who represented that city last year in the Assembly at Albany.

THE Rev. Samuel West, a local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died recently at Olive Branch, Ohio. He celebrated his hundredth anniversary February 14th, 1879.

CHIEF-JUSTICE CHARLES P. DALY, President of the American Geographical Society, has just received notice of his election as a member of the Royal Geographical Society of Berlin.

THE Presbyterian Synod of Mississippi has sustained the appeal of Rev. S. P. Linn, from the Presbytery of Louisiana, and ordered that body to restore him at once and fully to church and gospel ministry.

THE Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, a minister of the Baptist Church in Hartford, has announced his marriage engagement to Miss Ida Gatling, the only daughter of Dr. Gatling, the inventor of the gun which bears his name.

SOME of Dr. McCosh's New York friends have added \$1,000 to his annual salary as an offset to the increased expenses of his new residence, known as "Prospect," and the finest residence of any college president in America.

MR. MORI, the former Japanese Minister at Washington, is, it is said, to be accredited to England in the same capacity. He knows English very well, has good ability, and is a man of excellent presence. His charming wife will accompany him to England.

THE Commission of the Free Church of Scotland has appointed Drs. Rainy, Wilson, Somerville, Kennedy, Mitchell and Blaikie, Professors Bruce and Binnie, and the Earl of Kintore, among others, as delegates to the Presbyterian Council to meet next year in Philadelphia.

THE uniform of the late Prince Louis Napoleon is stated to have been found at a kraal near Ulundi, the whole front of it having been pierced by assegais. The Zulu who actually inflicted the death-blow is said to have been Abango, who was subsequently killed at Ulundi.

THE Queen of Italy has gone to seek for health at Bordighera. The nervous shock she received on witnessing the attempt to assassinate King Humbert is the cause of her invalid condition. She has taken with her to Bordighera the Prince of Naples, whom she does not trust out of her sight.

THE Berlin papers describe a sleigh lately presented by the Prince of Hohenzollern to his bride, a princess of the house of Turn and Salis, as a marvel of costly beauty. The body is shaped like a cockleshell, and is of polished ebony inlaid with silver, and the cushions are of the richest purple velvet adorned with silver balls.

M. LÉON CHOTTEAU has had a private interview with President Grévy, and presented a memorial from inhabitants of New Orleans in favor of the establishment of a line of steamers between Havre and New Orleans. M. Chotteau also pointed out the advantages of a French line of steamers touching at Baltimore. The memorial will be submitted to a Cabinet Council.

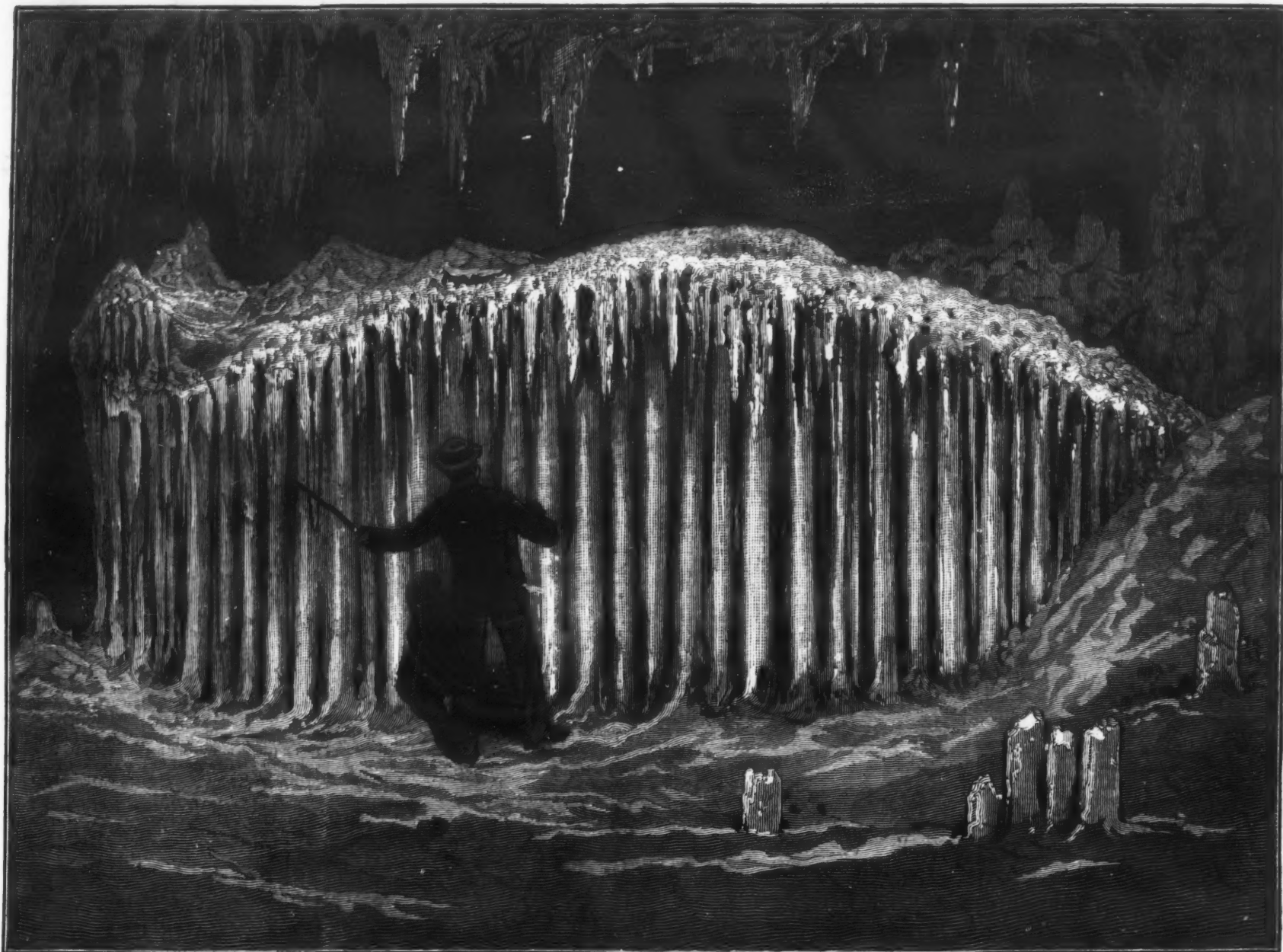
THERE died at Pesth, a few weeks ago, Count Dominik Zichy de Vasonkeo, formerly Bishop of Rosenau and Veszprim, and one of the wealthiest and highest of Hungarian magnates. He left a fortune of \$4,500,000, and was a fair representative of the time when, in France and Germany, great bishoprics and rich benefices were looked upon as the natural privileges of noble families.

EXTENSIVE preparations are already being made in St. Petersburg to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Czar's accession to the throne, which falls on the 24 of March next. The municipal authorities, among other things, have voted a considerable sum for the presentation to His Majesty of a work of art recording the chief architectural achievements, etc., of his reign.

BEFORE his departure from Japan, Professor Nordenskjöld received from the Tokyo Geographical Society a handsome gold medal in honor of his achievement. The token bears inscriptions on either side in Japanese characters. One legend gives the name of the learned body presenting the gift; the other commemorates the voyage of the *Vega* and the Tokyo banquet in honor of the Swedish *savant* and his staff.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES is likely to be removed from the chairmanship of the Crystal Palace Company in London, and Prince Teck will probably be his successor. The main objection to Mr. Hughes is that the Crystal Palace has deteriorated in his hands. It is further alleged that he has too many irons in the fire. He is a lawyer, a politician, an author, a journalist, a railway chairman, a gas company's chairman, a telegraph company's chairman, a coal company's chairman, and is on the board of a milk company, an agricultural company and a bank.

ON November 2d, a Japanese mission arrived in St. Petersburg, which has been sent to Europe to study the police and prison systems of the different States. The director is M. Sava, head of the cabinet, or the chief of police in Japan. They left Japan at the end of February, and have commenced by studying the police and prisons in Holland. They purpose passing three or four weeks in St. Petersburg and going thence to Berlin, then to Vienna, Florence and Rome; thence to Switzerland, France, Spain, Portugal and England, whence they mean to return to Japan by way of America.



VIRGINIA.—THE GRANDEST OF AMERICAN CAVERNS—THE "ORGAN" IN LURAY CAVE, PAGE COUNTY.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 295.

THE ARCTIC EXPLORING VESSEL "RESOLUTE."

THE history of the *Resolute*, the famous Arctic exploring vessel, is full of interest and romance. Originally a merchant vessel, she was purchased by the British Government for Arctic service, and was one of the four vessels which, in May, 1854, Sir E. Belcher, who had been sent out in search of Sir John Franklin, found himself compelled to abandon off Melville Island, the ship being so completely blocked in by the ice that it was deemed impossible for her ever again to be moved. The crew reached home safely with their companions from the other vessels, but the *Resolute* was looked upon as lost until, in the summer of the following year, it was discovered off the coast of Labrador by an American whaling vessel, the *George Henry*, whose captain, Budington, took her to New London, where, the British Government having abandoned all claims to the vessel, she was bought by order of the American Congress, and, after being thoroughly repaired and equipped, was sent across the Atlantic as a present to Queen Victoria, who went to Southampton to receive the gift in person. It is in remembrance of this graceful act of international courtesy that it is now proposed to construct out of the timbers of the old Arctic ship some article of furniture to be presented to the President of the United States. The design for a secrétaire, represented in our illustration, is the work of a working-joiner employed at the Dockyard at Chatham, England, where the *Resolute* is now being broken up. The top is to be covered with morocco, bordered and embossed. The front panels will contain

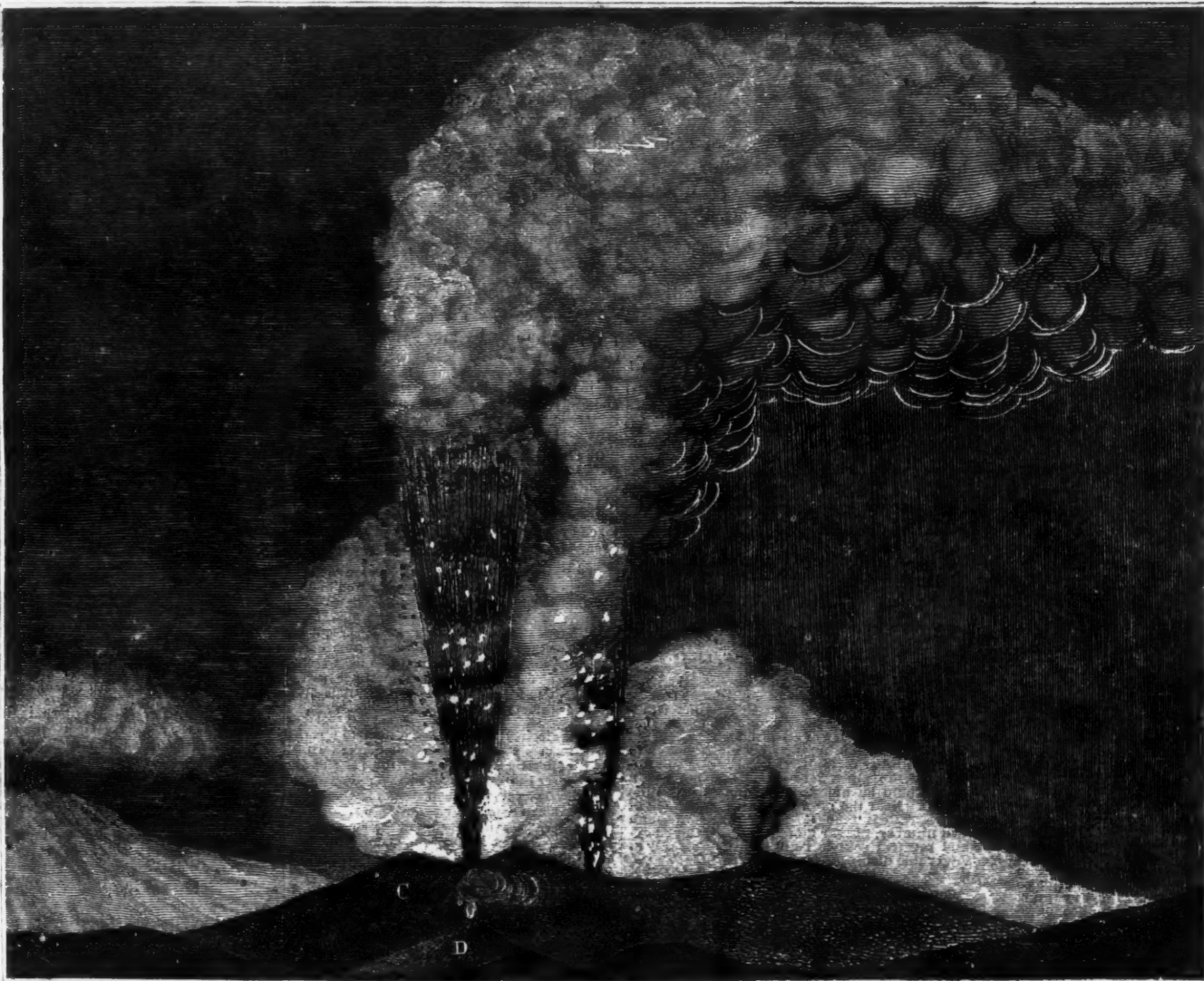
carved medallion portraits of Her Majesty and the President of America; the side panels, Arctic subjects, also in relief; and the space at the back of the table corresponding with the front panels will be furnished with a set of six drawers on either side, the handles of which will be formed by two hands (male and female) grasping each other, symbolic of the good will existing between the heads of the two countries. The top cornices of the eight corner pedestals will be appropriated to carved representations of the Arctic and Antarctic circles and the American and English flags crossed, and busts of celebrated Arctic explorers will support the cornices.

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MOUNT HUMBERT-MARGUERITE, ON ETNA.

MOUNT ETNA, after having for long years been quiescent, has, within the last decade, resumed its activity, and great changes in the neighboring parts will not excite astonishment. The old volcano has given its notes of warning in terms too clear to be misunderstood. Minor eruptions from old craters, and the formation of new escapes for fire and lava, mud eruptions at the base, have already been recorded. At the present time great changes are taking place on the summit, which it is not even yet too dangerous to approach and scrutinize. Between two former openings a summit of immense size has already been formed, and is growing daily by the accumulation of ashes and scoria, either to be welded into a solid mass by the heat or to sink down after a brief existence. To this new summit the Italians have given the name of their present sovereigns, Humbert, and his queen, Marguerite. The sketch we engrave was made carefully on the spot, and shows the present condition of the top of Mount Etna, over which hangs now perpetually the ominous cloud of menace.

THE SWIFTEST SHIP.—A new British war-steamship called the *Mercury*, built of steel, has just been completed and successfully tried at Portsmouth, Eng. The vessel is 300 feet long, 46 feet beam, 16 feet 3 inches hold; displacement 3,750 tons. On her late trial-trip the engines developed 7,595 horse-power, and the speed attained was within a trifle of 22 miles an hour. These are remarkable results for a vessel of the dimensions given above.



ORIGIN OF THE NEW MOUNT HUMBERT-MARGUERITE, IN THE CENTRE OF MOUNT ETNA.



PENNSYLVANIA.—SCENE IN THE "COMEDY OF ERRORS," AS PRESENTED BY ROBSON AND CRANE BEFORE GENERAL GRANT AT THE ARCH STREET THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA.—MUTUAL RECOGNITION OF THE "DROMIOS."

THE TWO "DROMIOS."

NOT the least attractive of all the varied sights which Ulysses S. Grant will have seen while putting "a girdle round the earth," is that of the "Comedy of Errors," as represented at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, under the management of Mrs. John Drew, with Messrs. Robson and Crane in the respective rôles of *Dromio of Ephesus* and *Dromio of Syracuse*. The quaint vaggery, the exquisite foolery, and the imitable acting of these famous artists have rendered this masterful creation of Shakespeare familiar in the mouth as household words, while the marvelous resemblance between the *Dromios* is bewildering in its exact details. There is no need for the orchestra to strike up a merry tune in order to add zest to their welcome. When they have once shown their faces, underneath the quaint, conical hats, and the red hair, with each a mark on his cheek, and clad in jerkin and hose, the screaming laughter that greets them shows that half the work is over. It would seem almost impossible to tell which was which. Mr. Crane has succeeded in imitating Stuart Robson's voice and manner to perfection. Those who have seen the two in other pieces know

that Mr. Robson's figure is altogether different from Mr. Crane's, yet they have so managed their make-up in face, limbs and height as to completely baffle identity with the ordinary spectator. The arrangement of the scene outside the house of *Antipholus of Ephesus* is uproariously funny, with the wrong *Dromio* inside the door squeaking his defiance to the right *Dromio* and his outraged master outside; and the scene on the mart, where the Ephesian master and man break away from the officers, and both the *Antipholus* and *Dromios* are pursued by the mob, is equally amusing—but, better than all, is the final meeting of the twins in the last act. The effect is electrical, and the laughter-stricken audience gives full vent to an applause which fairly shakes the house. We illustrate the scene at the end of the comedy where the *Dromios* confront each other.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

SIR FRANCIS TRUSCOTT, the Lord Mayor-elect of London, who was formally inducted into office November 10th, belongs to an ancient Cornish family, and was born at Turo in 1824, educated at King's College, London, and is the head of the business firm of James Truscott & Son. In 1858, after the death of his father, he was chosen to represent the Dowgate Ward in the Common Council, and in 1871 he became Alderman of that ward, and also Sheriff of London. Sir Francis, who was knighted in February, 1872, on the occasion of the national thanksgiving at St. Paul's for the recovery of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, has filled many offices in connection with the administration of civic affairs, amongst others that of Chairman of the Police Committee, an appointment which he held for several years. He is a member of the Haberdashers' Company, a Warden of the Vintners, and Master of the Stationers' Company. He is Commissioner of Income Tax, and of Land and Assessed Taxes for the City of London, and represents the city at the Metropolitan Board of Works. In 1865 he was an unsuccessful candidate for Parliament, contesting Dudley in the Conservative interest. The ceremony of "swearing in" was performed at the Guildhall, November 8th, and the "show" and banquet took place on Monday, the 10th inst., being marked by the usual public demonstrations on such occasions.

BENJAMIN TALBOT BABBITT.

BORN sixty-and-eight years ago, Mr. Babbitt is an admirable illustration of a man vigorous in frame and in mind, and an example of the maxim that age is but constitutional. Westmoreland, N.Y., gave him birth, and in the very teeth of adverse circumstances, he has cleared his way to name, position and fortune. Farming was his first occupation, to be exchanged for the anvil and hammer,

but his keen mechanical instincts soon sought other grooves, and threshing-machines for a time exclusively occupied his attention. From the thresher came the first mowing-machine the world ever saw. In 1843 Mr. Babbitt next turned his attention towards saleratus, and he succeeded in effecting a complete revolution in its manufacture by inventing and perfecting a method for making it from soda-ash, instead of pearl-ash, the material previously employed, at eighty per cent. less cost.



THE RIGHT HON. SIR FRANCIS TRUSCOTT, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.



BENJAMIN TALBOT BABBITT, INVENTOR AND MANUFACTURER.

Pressure on our space precludes a detailed description of Mr. Babbitt's gigantic soap works; suffice it to say that they occupy twenty-three city lots measuring twenty-five by one hundred feet each, covered by eight brick buildings, averaging six stories in height, and that the aggregate floor space devoted to manufacturing purposes is upwards of three hundred and fifty thousand square feet. Not only has Mr. Babbitt devised such mechanical appliances in connection with soap-making as have given him marked advantages over his competitors, but his inventive genius has found expression in many other directions. With a view to carrying out his ideas in mechanical invention, he found it requisite to have machine-shops of his own, both for the construction of the steam engines and boilers, as well as for the general machinery, employed in his New York establishment, and as a consequence, erected the Whitesboro Iron Works in the village of that name in Oneida County, N. Y. The factory premises are situated, with a view to transit, upon the line of the Erie Canal. The principal buildings constituting the works comprise two machine-shops—one of two stories in height, built of brick, and covering an area of seventy-five by four hundred feet; the other, of wood, fifty feet in width by three hundred and fifty in length; a foundry three hundred and fifty feet long, together with a number of buildings of lesser dimensions. The cost of this building is estimated at \$600,000, and probably no machine-shop in the country contains so fine an assortment of planers, lathes, gear-cutters, and other iron working machines.

One of Mr. Babbitt's many triumphs is his steam canal-boat, upon the construction of which he has spent much time, thought and labor. The great difficulty hitherto encountered in the application of steam-power to canal navigation has been the washing away of the banks by the disturbance of the water occasioned by the rotary movement of the propeller, and in the minds of many engineers and scientific experts the effect of the use of steam-power has been regarded as an insuperable obstacle to the attainment of any increase of speed. Mr. Babbitt's boat is constructed with a square box which does not break the water into foam, but glides smoothly over the surface without the creation of a ripple that could sensibly impede its progress. The boat is built with a submerged chamber, or false bottom, in which, and near the bow, is placed a rotary pump of four hundred horse-power, having a suction capacity of ninety thousand cubic feet per minute. The effect of this arrangement is to destroy resistance at the bow of the boat by the creation of a vacuum into which the water rushes, and to produce a reactionary pressure at the stern, propelling the boat easily and rapidly along without any injurious commotion in the water. Mr. Babbitt has also invented a rotary steam-engine without piston, cylinder or valves. Another very important invention of our gifted countryman is Babbitt's Combined Steam Generator, Condenser and Steam Heater. This apparatus combines the functions of a steam-boiler supplying motive power to general machinery, with arrangements for the heating and ventilation of buildings of the largest dimensions, and may be used for both purposes simultaneously, or for either one separately, as may be desired. This last invention has been patented in the United States, England, France, Belgium, Holland, Russia, etc. Without in the slightest degree relaxing the energetic promotion of business affairs—Mr. Babbitt is in his counting-house at 6:30 every morning, and opens and reads his own mail—he finds time to gratify the more refined tastes, and to this end has surrounded himself with all the elegancies which contribute so largely to the gratification of social life at its best. Mr. Babbitt has been the architect of his own fortune, and never once, throughout his long business career, has he ever permitted his allegiance to eventual success to waver.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING NOTES.

ALL the city streets and stores are full this week of Christmas shoppers making the purchases which are to gladden and lighten all the homes of the land. For the benefit of the out-of-town readers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER we give a few practical suggestions which may aid them in their holiday purchases, regretting only that our limited space compels us to the briefest mention of boundless and rich variety.

The attractions of A. T. STEWART & Co. were never displayed more profusely nor to greater advantage than at this season. All day long the carriages stand in columns around three sides of the block, while through the great store pour throngs of eager purchasers. Besides the vast stock of substantial and lasting goods which this house has always on hand, the present buyers find now the latest Paris and Vienna novelties, Japanese curios and antiques, and all the endless quaint and tasteful *souvenirs* gathered from the four quarters of the world. Whether the search be for the useful or beautiful, or both combined, success will reward at Stewart's the most exacting taste.

At LORD & TAYLOR'S, the display of fabrics of every description for personal and household use is exceedingly varied and complete. The markets and the mills of both continents have contributed to their stock, and in every department a high standard of excellence is maintained. The model catalogue which this firm issued this Fall has brought them much favor, and made many customers in all parts of the country, and for purchasers who cannot visit New York, no better substitute can be found than this, which is sent free to any address on request. With it the entire stock of the store is at the command of the purchaser, and even city customers are using the catalogue as a saving of time, labor and patience.

At MORRISON'S, 893 Broadway, may be found the finest assortment of novelties in fringes, gimps and trimmings in the city. In the line of these goods this house has long made a specialty, and its excellence is well-known and fully established.

TIFFANY'S, on Union Square, now open evenings, presents an exceedingly brilliant spectacle, and one which none should omit to witness. Perhaps more of the wealth, fashion and culture of New York crosses the threshold of TIFFANY'S daily than of any other establishment. Everything made of gold, silver or precious stones, with a long catalogue of articles of *verru*, may be found at TIFFANY'S, and purchasers need no better guarantee of the integrity of the goods than the name of the house. Many novelties are offered for the Christmas season, and those whose taste demands presents of lasting form and substantial value can there gratify it.

The stock of furs at GUNTHER'S has not diminished so rapidly as it might under a colder December; but the approach of Christmas has sent throngs of purchasers to this old and always leading house. Ranging the world for supplies, they are able to furnish any kind of fur known to trade, and to offer rare and choice goods obtainable nowhere else. Though the original owners of the furs retain the same styles from year to year, their example is not followed by the human wearers, to whom on all matters of fashion in furs the word of GUNTHER is law.

"The sense of being well-dressed gives a peace of mind which religion cannot afford," is reported to be the conclusion of a philosopher who is supposed to have tried both. Not deciding this point, it is certain that the patrons of ROGERS, PEET & Co. enjoy a rare satisfaction in their purchases. The trade of this house, covering the entire country, rests on the merits of its goods, and the fairness of its dealing. This season their new gift book, "Jack's Funny Friend," has had a great run, and thousands of youngsters in town and country will not soon forget the suit which brought them this welcome present.

Among the down-town clothiers for business men, FREEMAN & WOODRUFF have deservedly a liberal share of confidence and patronage. Removing in May last to a larger store, they are making the fullest use of their increased facilities, and getting also a large trade by mail throughout the country.

The recent improvements in canning and packing goods enable MESSRS. THURBER to supply everything except the friends and guests for a Christmas dinner. From their bountiful store they can furnish forth everything which heart could wish, and place it on the table, no matter where that may be, in its fullest perfection. THURBER'S goods are a synonym for standard excellence.

Delicacies and the finest importations are a specialty of SMITH & VANDERBEEK. Through them, EIFF'S COCOA and many other standard foreign goods have become household words in all parts of the country, and the extensive warehouse which the firm has lately opened in Chicago attests in the most effective manner, enterprise and the success which rewards it.

IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE "Grand Depot" of JOHN WANAMAKER, of Market and Thirteenth Streets, always one of the sights of Philadelphia, has been this week particularly notable for its fine decorations in honor of General Grant. An arch, forty-nine feet high, spans Market Street at Thirteenth, and along the Market Street front was a gallery seating sixteen hundred persons, devoted exclusively to the accommodation of the employees of this mammoth establishment. Mr. Wanamaker's enterprises are always on the largest scale, and his patrons from every part of the country find in his stock something to gratify each individual taste.

In the beautiful store of BAILEY, BANKS & BIDDLE is one of the most complete and valuable assortments of precious stones ever collected. In diamonds, the stock is especially rich, and hundreds of persons, unable to purchase, have daily visited it for the satisfaction of the mere sight. The standing of this house has made its name a guarantee for excellence in everything which it excels.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. have lately issued one of the most valuable of books, "Great Authors of all Ages," by Dr. Allibone, whose dictionary has made him so well-known; and, in Christmas gift books their stock is especially fine and varied. Thackeray's Ballads is an elegant quarto volume, beautifully illustrated, and comprises representative productions from early Teutonic, Italian and French masters. In holiday books, the Lippincott stock is especially rich and tasteful.

PORTER & COATES, since their removal to the southwest corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets, have largely increased their business, occupying one of the finest book stores in Philadelphia or in the country. In rare books and fine bindings this house is pre-eminent, and in the standard publications of their own they include such as the "Waverley Novels," Dickens's works, Macaulay's "England," Comte de Paris's "History of the Civil War in America," and the "Fireside Encyclopedia of Poetry"—the latter one of the best collections of its kind ever published.

The legend of JOHN WANAMAKER & Co., of 818 to 822 Chestnut Street, as "the best place to buy the finest clothing," is fully justified by their performance of this season, a statement which means much, but is within the letter of truth. Mr. Samuel Wanamaker, junior partner, manages this house with great energy and tact, to which its success and prosperity are largely due.

As a security against the future, a life insurance policy is especially desirable, and care should be taken that this investment is in a sound and well-managed concern. Such is the PENN MUTUAL of Philadelphia, which has stood the severe tests of the past few years without suspicion and comes out unstained and stronger than ever.

The Philadelphia Times is now one of the foremost weeklies of the country, and its "Annals of the War," written by the principal participants, North and South, is meeting with large and appreciative sales. It is one of the most valuable and interesting of contemporaneous histories.

THOUSANDS MIGHT ANNUALLY BE SAVED.

IN Consumption, the "Compound Oxygen Treatment" has been remarkably successful. How few ever recover entirely from Pneumonia, and all for the want of a revitalizing agent such as COMPOUND OXYGEN will certainly furnish. Thousands might, by its use, be saved annually from the grasp of that great destroyer—Consumption. Some of the most brilliant cures which have already been made by this new treatment have been in Consumption. The amplest information will be found in our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen." It is sent free. Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The elegant carriage in which General Grant appeared in his recent reception at Chicago was manufactured expressly for the occasion by the STUDEBAKER BROS. MANUFACTURING COMPANY of that city and attracted universal attention. The Studebaker is the largest wagon and carriage manufacturing concern in the country.

HUMORS OF THE SCALP. LOSS OF HAIR.

Loss of hair in thousands of cases is due entirely to some form of scalp disease. Seventy-five per cent. of the number of bald heads might be covered with hair by a judicious use of CUTICURA, assisted by CUTICURA SOAP. It is the most agreeable as well as the most effective hair restorer ever produced by man. It is medicinal in the truest sense of the word. All others are some oleaginous mixture or poisonous dyes. None but CUTICURA possesses the specific medical properties that enable it to cure all itching and scaly diseases that inflame and irritate the scalp and hair glands and tubes, causing premature baldness. Medium doses of the CUTICURA RESOLVENT will purify the oil and sweat glands, the virus of scrofulous humors and insure a permanent cure, when taken in connection with the outward application of CUTICURA.

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCAINE. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is at the same time unrivaled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.

BOILS, Pimples, Freckles, Rough Skin, eruptions, impure blood, HOP BITTERS cure.

THIS year's vintage in Champagne, France, was, both as regards quantity and quality, the worst on record. In some districts the grapes did not pay for gathering, and in others only red wine for the workmen can be made. On the contrary, the vintage in the Sonoma Valley, California, from which the famous "AMERICA" Extra Dry Champagne is produced, has been unusually good, and Messrs. A. WERNER & Co., of this city, who control this well-known brand, are crowded with orders for it from all parts of the country.

AGUE, biliousness, drowsiness, jaundice and rheumatism, HOP BITTERS removes easily.

EVERETT'S HOTEL AND DINING ROOMS in Barclay and Vesey Streets, advertised in this paper, fully deserve their liberal patronage and general popularity. "Why do you come so far for lunch?" said one patron to another the other day. "Because I can get more for my money here than anywhere in New York," was the answer, which is daily ratified by thousands of others. Personal supervision is given constantly to every department by Mr. J. EVERETT SCOTT.

RELIABLE CANNED GOODS.

GREAT progress has been made within a few years in the art of Preserving Fruits, Vegetables, Fish and Meats in tins, and in consequence the consumption has largely increased. As yet, however, canned goods are not generally thought to be "fresh," and some brands are not, perhaps, entitled to be so considered. Those packed by us, however, are Hermetically Sealed at the sources of supply, when they are in the best possible condition, by a process which preserves the much-to-be-desired fresh, natural flavors; and they are really in better condition, fresher, more palatable and wholesome than many so-called "fresh" articles which are exported for sale during considerable periods of time in city markets. All goods bearing our name are guaranteed to be of superior quality, and dealers are authorized to refund the purchase price in any case where customers have cause for dissatisfaction. It is, therefore, to the interest of both dealers and consumers to use THURBER'S BRANDS.

H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in Food Products, New York.

GROCERS AND STOREKEEPERS

pay 3 to 5 cents a pound extra for butter made with Gilt-edge Butter Maker. It increases the production 6 to 10 per cent. Reduces labor of churning one-half. Gives a rich golden color the year round. Sold by druggists, grocers and general storekeepers. Send stamp for "Hints to Butter-Makers." Address, BUTTER IMPROVEMENT CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

"THE PITCHER that goes often to the fountain gets broken at last." Moral, Insure in THE TRAVELERS.

IN 1850 THE "BRONCHIAL TROCHES" were introduced, and from that time up to the present their success in Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Bronchitis has been unparalleled. No household should be without "Brown's Bronchial Troches," as by their early use most troubles of the Throat induced by cold can be overcome.

THE ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL is first in the field with a very pretty card for ladies' albums, admirably engraved by the Kendall Bank Note Company, which represents the Obelisk of Alexandria as we trust it will appear as long when it takes its place in history as the Obelisk of New York. Ladies may obtain the cards by addressing MR. WELCH, proprietor of the ST. NICHOLAS.

HALFORD TABLE SAUCE, best relish in use. For family use preferable to all others.

THE steam pipes, and boilers, etc., in the buildings of the New York Tribune and New York Herald are protected with H. W. Johns' ASBESTOS BOILER COVERINGS. H. W. Johns' Manufacturing Co., No. 87 Maiden Lane, sole manufacturers of genuine ASBESTOS LIQUID PAINTS, ROOFING, &c.

THE VENERABLE PETER COOPER.

I cheerfully testify that I have been to the COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION, 19 Cooper Institute, and had two teeth extracted while under the influence of Laughing Gas. I felt no pain whatever, and the gas produced no injurious or even unpleasant effects. PETER COOPER.

Clara Louise Kellogg, Lotta, Mrs. Scott-Siddons, Fanny Davenport, and a host of others, recommend and use

CHAMPLIN'S

LIQUID PEARL

The unequalled beautifier of the complexion For sale by all leading druggists at 50 cts. per bottle.

CHAMPLIN & CO., Prop's, Buffalo, N. Y.

FIRST PRIZE MEDAL VIENNA, 1873
C. WEIS, Manufacturer of Meerschmied Pipes, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. Send for circular to 399 Broadway, N. Y. Factories, 398 Grand St., and Vienna.

BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD.

VITALIZED PHOSPHATES,

COMPOSED OF THE NERVE-GIVING PRINCIPLES OF THE OX-BRAIN AND WHEAT-GERM.

Physicians have prescribed 193,000 packages with the best results in all forms of impaired vitality, mental exhaustion, or weakened digestion. It is the best preventive of Consumption and all diseases of ability. It gives strength, rest and sleep, by feeding the brain and nerves with their necessary food. For sale by druggists, or by mail, \$1.

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TOY ELEPHANT, foot high, sent post-paid, 45c. (15 stamps): Pig or Rabbit, 10 inch, 3c. All \$1. Cannot break. E. MATHES, Manfr., Drawer 522 Chicago.

VISITING CARDS.—Name-plate, elegantly engraved, and 50 best ivory Visiting Cards, mailed to any address, \$1.50. Send for circular. LEAMINGTON ART PRESS, 318 Broadway, New York.

Amusements.

FIFTH AVE. THEATRE. DECEMBER 1st. H. M. S. PINAFORE. Produced under the personal supervision of THE AUTHORS, MESSRS. GILBERT AND SULLIVAN, BY D'OYLEY CARTE'S OPERA COMPANY. THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE. THE NEW OPERA BY GILBERT AND SULLIVAN. Is now in Elaborate Preparation.

J. H. HAVERLY'S AMUSEMENT ENTERPRISES.

HAVERLY'S THEATRE, Corner Sixth Avenue and Fourteenth St., New York. THE GALLEY SLAVE.

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TALKS ON TIMELY TOPICS.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH
EMINENT PUBLIC MEN.

—No. 9.—

GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

Considers Congress the Worst Banker in
the World.SATISFIED WITH THE SOUTHERN
REPRESENTATION.

Atlanta as Impregnable as Gibraltar.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE
LATE WAR.

The Mexicans Good Fighters.

I EARNESTLY exhort you to observe faithfully the terms of the pacification agreed upon, and to discharge the obligations of good and peaceful citizens as well as you have performed the duties of thorough soldiers in the field." This from General Joseph Johnston on April 26th, 1865, at Durham's Station, North Carolina, when he surrendered the forces under his command to General Sherman. A grave, unobtrusive, elderly gentleman he is to day; neat from his carefully brushed hat to his scrupulously dusted gaiter tops; straight as a lightning-rod, with a hawk's glance, and a mouth as if cut in steel.

The people of Eastern Virginia have a creditable practice of tracing family lineages to their earliest sources, and from one of the "first" families is lineally descended the subject of our present interview. Born in 1807, he graduated at West Point in 1829, and did garrison duty up to the Seminole war, during which he served as aid to General Scott. During the war with the Florida Indians he was breveted captain for most distinguished gallantry. At one time, while closely pressed by Indians, he took shelter behind a small tree to rally his men. A shower of bullets swept by him, mostly aimed directly at himself, but, strange to say, while many struck the tree, for some time he was unhurt. At last a ball struck him immediately above the forehead, and ranged backwards, grazing the skull the whole distance, but not fracturing it. The injury was severe, so much so as to cause him to fall, but the troops had caught his spirit and repulsed the enemy, bearing off their wounded in safety to the boats. The uniform worn by Lieutenant Johnston on this occasion was long preserved by a friend as a curiosity, being perforated by thirty bullets. He served in the Topographical Bureau as engineer, and in 1843 on the survey of the boundaries between the United States and the British Provinces. From 1844 to 1846 he was engaged on the Coast Survey. He fought all through the Mexican war, leading the forlorn hope on the castle of Chapultepec, and was wounded on two occasions, winning successively his majority, lieutenant-colonelcy and colonelcy. His numerous wounds led General Scott afterwards to say of him, "Johnston is a great soldier, but he has an unfortunate knack of getting himself shot in nearly every engagement." From 1853 to 1855 we find him in charge of Western river improvements. In 1858 he was Acting Inspector-general in the Utah Expedition. In June, 1860, he became quartermaster-general with the rank of brigadier-general of staff. While the question of his appointment was still pending, General Scott was requested by the Secretary of War to recommend for so important a position and promotion an officer distinguished for talent and prominence in the army. General Scott declined to confine himself to a single name, but recommended for selection one of the following four: Joseph E. Johnston, Robert E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston and P. F. Smith. Johnston received the appointment, and was engaged in the responsible duties of quartermaster-general, when his native State seceded from the Union, and imposed upon him the duty of separating himself from a service for which he felt a strong affection. He resigned his commission on April 22d, 1861, entered the Confederate service, and commanded at the battle of Bull Run, and subsequently at Yorktown and Richmond. During the battle of Fair Oaks, May 31st, 1862, he was badly wounded, and was for some months disabled for service. After Bragg's defeat at Chattanooga, he took command of his army, occupying a position at Dalton, Ga., which was turned by Sherman early in May, 1864, whereupon Johnston fell back successively to Resaca, Altoona Pass, Kennesaw Mountain and Atlanta, fighting every inch of the road. So skillfully and orderly was his retreat, that Sherman exclaimed, "I have followed Johnston for hundreds

GENERAL EDWARD HATCH, COLONEL OF THE NINTH U. S. CAV.
COMMISSION.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BYRESIDENT OF THE UTE INVESTIGATING
SEE PAGE 304.

of miles, and I never got so much after him as a cart-rung." Failing to satisfy the authorities at Richmond, he was ordered to turn over the command to General Hood. Near the close of February, 1865, Sherman having marched from "Atlanta to the sea," Johnston was directed to assume the command of the Army of Tennessee, and all troops in the department of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, and to "concentrate all available forces and drive back Sherman." The force which he could concentrate was wholly inadequate, and, although he fought part of his army at Bentonville, N. C., he was unable to check the march of the victorious army. Having learned that Lee had surrendered the Army of Virginia to Grant, Johnston, on April 26th, surrendered to Sherman.

"I had only 17,000 men," General Johnston said to me, "against Grant's 108,000, Sherman's 100,000, and Canby's 70,000; and my object in surrendering was to spare the blood of my gallant little army, to prevent further suffering of the people by the devastation and ruin inevitable from the marches of invading armies, and to avoid the crime of waging a hopeless war."

"I have a sovereign objection to talking," observed the General, whom I had the honor of interviewing in Raleigh, N. C. "Abraham Lincoln would never allow himself to be interviewed, alleging as a reason that he did not like to make a fool of himself. I wrote a book once," he added, with a light laugh, "and have regretted it ever since."

"What is your opinion as to the condition of the South?"

"As to the general condition of the South, many persons take different views about it. I consider that its prosperity is but a result of the general prosperity of the country. When the North suffered the South suffered; as the North recovered so did the South. Their interests travel together. The people who have suffered most in the South are the planters. The small farmers do their own work, but the planters have to hire labor. If a planter requires an advance of money, he has to pay eleven and a half per cent. for the loan, and with this terrible incubus it is not easy to make a fortune."

"Eleven and a half per cent. seems a very usurious interest."

"Is it not? If a planter requires a loan he is compelled to deposit his title deeds and negotiate through an agent. The banks will not deal with him direct. The banks have no power to deal with a planter."

The General is in favor of calling in the greenbacks, and entertains but a poor opinion of the financial ability of Congress.

"I consider Congress the worst banker in the world," he laughed. "An amusing instance of Congressional banking occurred in Savannah. The bank in that city was provided with nothing but \$500 notes, and it could not pay a check for \$100. It could only certify that the check was good for \$100."

"Are you satisfied with the Southern representation in Congress?"

"Perfectly so."

Passing from general topics to himself, he said:

"I have been in the saddle since I was a boy

—my father taking me across country like a bird. I have never known bodily fatigue."

"What a physique!" I involuntarily exclaimed. "You must have been a good deal in the saddle during the war?"

"Eighteen hours a day, and often for many successive days."

"I have heard it said, General, that you always rode at a gallop."

"Except in camp, such is my custom."

"Can you sleep on horseback?"

"Yes. Very little sleep sufficed for me. All I required was to lose consciousness, and if that were only for the space of three minutes, I awoke just as refreshed as if I had slept for hours. In fact, even now, I can awake with more vitality after five minutes than I could after two hours' sleep."

"I suppose you got very little sleep during a campaign?"

"I never got any at all at night, for my scouts were not experienced enough to determine what was important and what was not, so I had always to determine for myself."

"The Confederate troops must have suffered terribly?"

"Suffered! I can only compare the war to that of the Messinians and Spartans. I have ridden into camp in the pelting rain, and I have seen the poor fellows lying with nothing but their ordinary clothing upon them, and that, too, quite ragged, and with no prospect of change; lying, sir—you know what the shape of a fence-rail is, it is triangular—lying on the sharp side of the rail with their feet towards a fire, and sleeping as soundly as if they were in beds of down."

"They must have had cast-iron constitutions, General?"

"They had, sir; and by the time the war closed I had a few thousand of the finest men in the world; but," he added, an intense melancholy succeeding the ring of pride in his tone, "the hardship killed many, and no constitution, however strong, could stand that condition of existence for any length of time."

"How were they fed, General?"

"One half-pound of meat and a pound of bread per diem—the bone counting with the meat. I managed somehow or other to let my army have three-quarters of a pound of meat per diem, and, to show you what a boon this extra quarter of bone and meat was considered, when I retook command of the army, I was cheered as I rode into camp by the cry of, 'Boys, we're sure to be well-fed now!'"

As the General recalled this reminiscence, a pleased smile stole over his handsome face.

"You were pretty generally outnumbered, General?"

"I should say so. Three to two was a luxury seldom accorded to me."

"On what occasion did you enjoy this luxury?"

"At the Seven Pines. I beat three of McClellan's divisions, and would have beaten the fourth if I had not been struck off my horse by a shell. My ribs were broken and bent inwards, thus"—folding his hands in a sort of gothic arch. "The serrated edges did not give so much trouble as the want of bellows-power. I was choking for a week. If my orders had been carried out, that battle might have ended the war. I ordered the men to sleep on the ground when they ceased firing, and to renew the engagement next morning."

General Johnston spoke enthusiastically of Lee, also of Stonewall Jackson, whom he considered "a superb lieutenant."

"Whom do you rank as the ablest General on the other side?" I asked.

"McClellan, if he only had more confidence in himself."

Referring to the memorable preparations for the defense of Atlanta, General Johnston said:

"Atlanta was as impregnable as Gibraltar. I relied upon checking Sherman, and a check would have amounted to a defeat, for many of his men, whose time of service was on the eve of expiration, would have become dispirited and would have gone home."

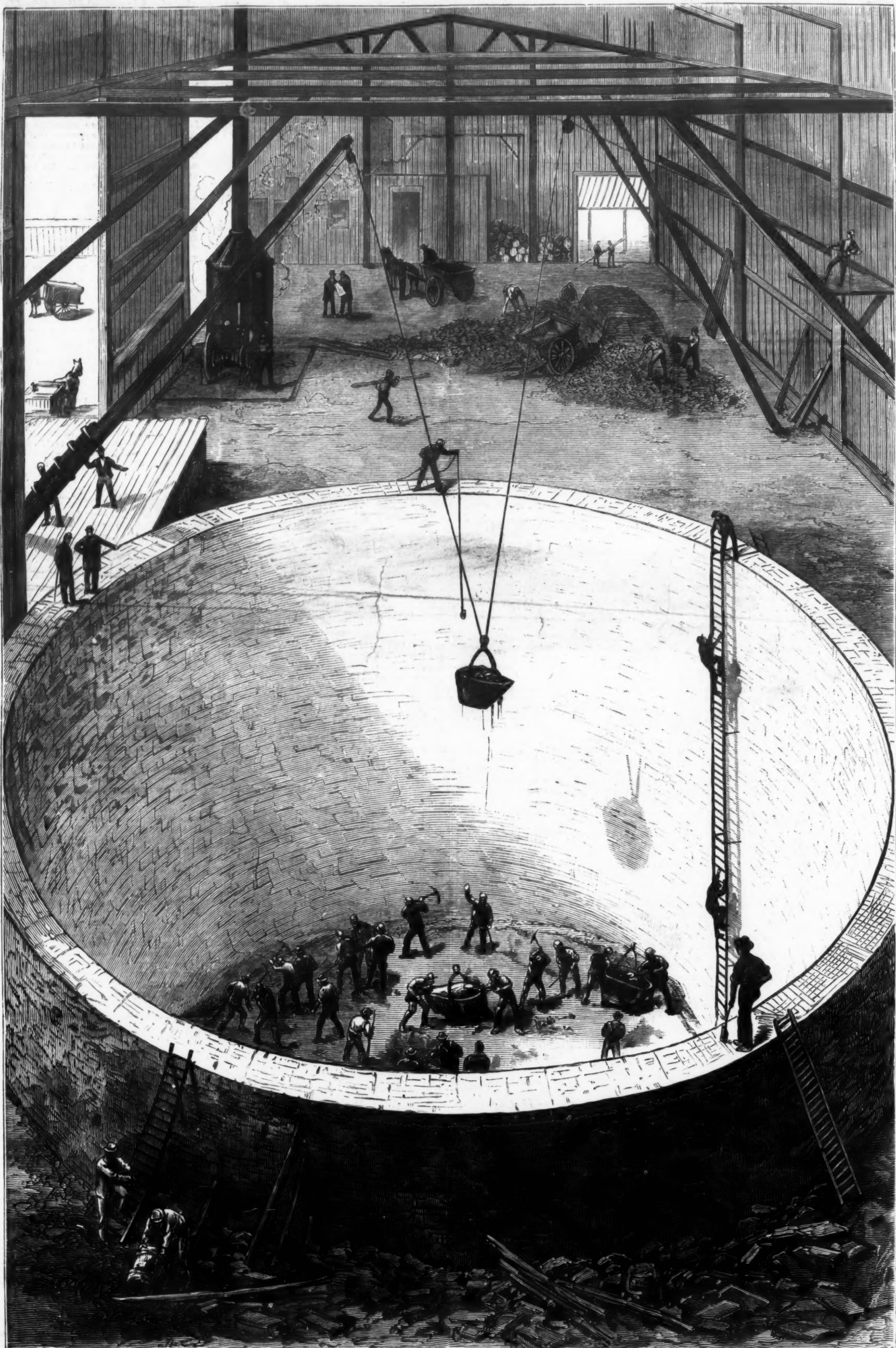
The retreat from Kennesaw and Lost Mountain across the Chattahoochee, in order to save Atlanta, is the masterpiece of General Johnston's career. He had brought along everything—every gun, every wagon, every camp-kettle. He devoted an active and laborious week to the defense of Atlanta. Seven of the

heaviest rifle cannon had been obtained from Mobile and planted on the ramparts. His plan was: First, to attack the Federal army while crossing Peach-Tree Creek. If successful, great results might be hoped for, as the enemy would have both the creek and the river to intercept his retreat. Second, if unsuccessful, to keep back the enemy by intrenching, to give time for the assembling of the State troops promised by Governor Brown; to garrison Atlanta with these troops, and, when the Federal army approached the city, attack it on the most exposed flank with all the Confederate troops.

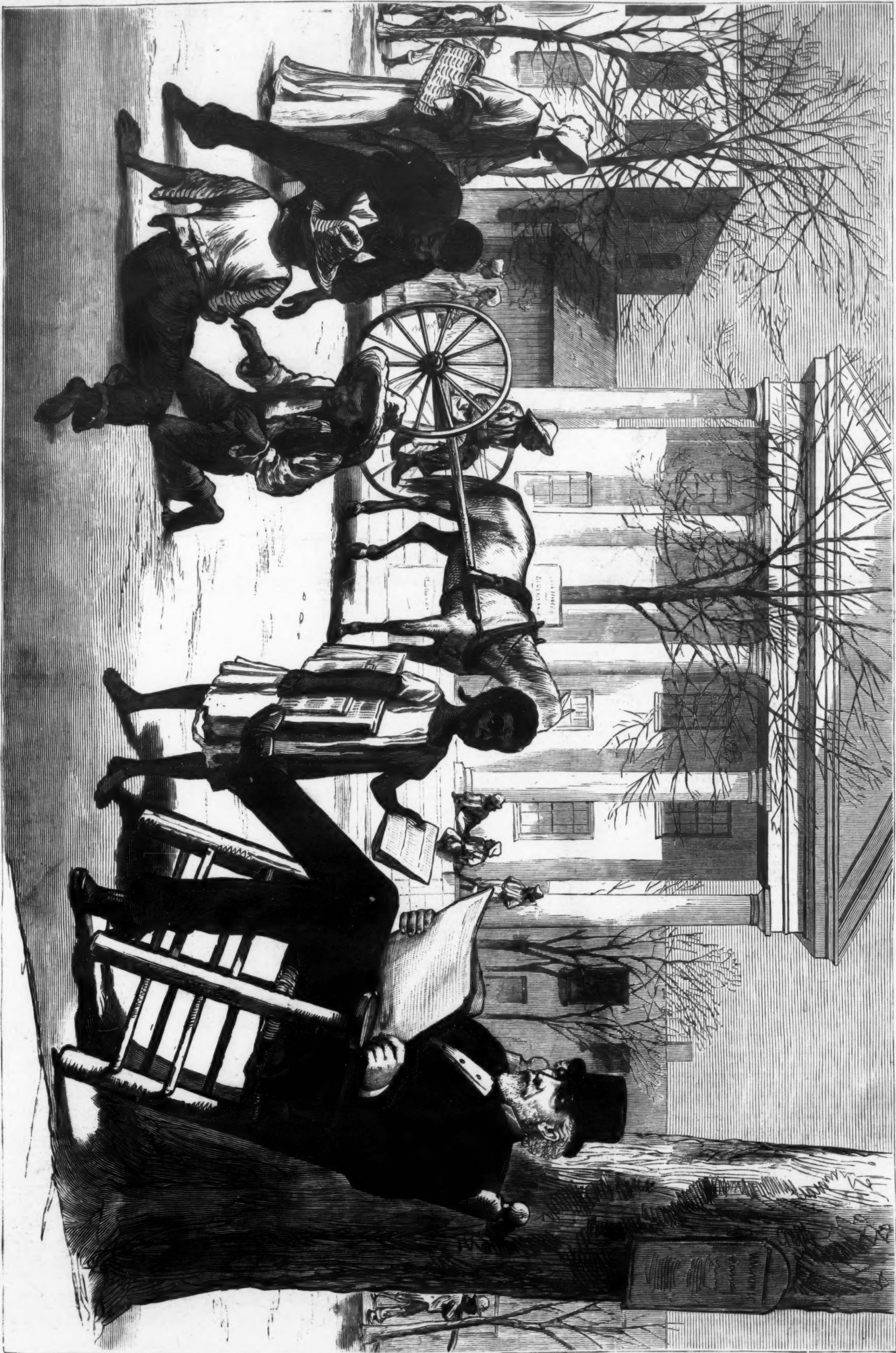
While engaged in giving instructions to his chief engineer concerning the fortification of Atlanta



THE STEAM-YACHT "HENRIETTE," REFITTED FOR A PLEASURE CRUISE AROUND THE WORLD, WITH HER TENDER, "FOLLETTE."—SEE PAGE 304.



NEW JERSEY.—CONNECTING NEW YORK WITH NEW JERSEY BY A RAILROAD TUNNEL UNDER THE HUDSON RIVER.—VIEW OF THE WORKING SHAFT AT JERSEY CITY.
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 295.



NO. 9.—INTERVIEW OF OUR ARTISTIC CORRESPONDENT WITH CONGRESSMAN JOSEPH E. JOHNSON, OF VIRGINIA, ON THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE SOUTH—A SKETCH OF THE DISTINGUISHED SOLDIER AT RALEIGH, N. C.
ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN ON LEADING TOPICS OF THE DAY.—SEE PAGE 301.



DESIGN FOR A SECRETAIRE TO BE MADE FROM THE TIMBERS OF THE BRITISH ARCTIC-SHIP "RESOLUTE," FOR THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—SEE PAGE 296.

General Johnston was handed the following dispatch:

RICHMOND, VA., July 17th, 1864.
TO GENERAL J. E. JOHNSTON:
Lieutenant-General J. B. Hood has been commissioned to the temporary rank of General under the late law of Congress. I am directed by the Secretary of War to inform you, that, as you have failed to arrest the advance of the enemy to the vicinity of Atlanta, far into the interior of Georgia, and express no confidence that you can defeat or repel him, you are hereby relieved from the command of the Army and Department of Tennessee, which you will immediately turn over to General Hood.

S. COOPER, A. and I. General.
General Johnston immediately called for General Hood and communicated to him the plans he had been pursuing. His removal was cautiously communicated to the generals of the higher grade. They promptly united in a request to the Government for a revocation of the order, but General Johnston took leave of them at once. His dispatch, sent upon the following day to Richmond, which closed his services in the field until recalled to "concentrate all available forces and drive back Sherman," speaks for itself:

NEAR ATLANTA, July 18th, 1864.
GENERAL S. COOPER:
Your dispatch of yesterday received and obeyed. Command of the Army and Department of Tennessee has been transferred to General Hood. As to the alleged cause of my removal, I assert that Sherman's army is much stronger, compared with that of Tennessee, than Grant's, compared with that of Northern Virginia; yet the enemy has been compelled to advance more slowly to the vicinity of Atlanta than to that of Richmond and Petersburg, and has penetrated much deeper into Virginia than into Georgia. Confident language by a military commander is not usually regarded as evidence of competency.

J. E. JOHNSTON.

As a result of General Johnston's retirement, it is asserted that Sherman no longer preserved his "extreme caution," but became bold and audacious.

General Johnston was the last to surrender. "We of the South," said the General, "referred the question at issue between us and the United States to the arbitrament of the sword. The decision has been made, and it is against us. We must acquiesce in that decision, accept it as final, and recognize the fact that Virginia is again one of the United States. Our duties and our interests coincide. We shall consult the one and perform the other by doing all we can to promote the welfare of our neighbors, and to restore prosperity to the country."

Mexico came upon the tapis.
"You led the forlorn hope at Chapultepec, General?"

"I did."

"Very few leaders of forlorn hopes live to tell the tale."

"Very few, and I escaped in this way. The Mexicans used very long cartridges, and very bumptious muskets—guns that kicked after discharge in a manner that punished those firing them rather severely, and to avoid this it was the custom of the Mexican soldiery, after biting off the end of a cartridge, to allow a quantity of the powder to drop out. During the excitement of battle they did not stop to measure their powder, and, as a consequence, their shot was sometimes harmless. Two bullets imbedded themselves in my leg, taking the cloth in with them, but by merely chucking at the cloth the bullets dropped out; they had never succeeded in cutting it."

"Are the Mexicans good fighters?"

"In line they are admirable."

General Johnston, the man who has so often stood in the imminent deadly breach, whose battle-ery caused a thousand hearts to leap, and whose presence in front ever boded trouble to the Federal Army, has laid aside the sword, and is now peacefully engaged in the insurance business. His hair is white, as are his whiskers, and closely-cropped beard. His forehead is massive and commanding. His voice is incisive, his manner sharp, and that of one accustomed to command, while a certain action of the forefinger, as though directing an aide to spur to a distant part of the field, or calling the attention of his staff to some manoeuvres under execution, bespeaks the generalissimo. His language is precise and graceful. He is courteous and dignified, while his *sangre azul* involuntarily betrays itself in every word and gesture. It has never been

my good fortune to pass an hour more charmingly, or to pass it in such quiet, unostentatious and gentle companionship.

GENERAL HATCH, PRESIDENT OF THE UTE COMMISSION.

GENERAL EDWARD HATCH, Colonel of the Ninth United States Cavalry, and President of the Ute Commission now investigating the Ute outbreak and massacre, is a native of Maine, and received his appointment from Iowa, entering the army as captain in the Second Iowa Cavalry in September, 1861. He was promoted to major the same month, to lieutenant-colonel in December, colonel in June, 1862, brigadier-general, April, 1864, and major-general by brevet in December, the latter reward being for gallant and meritorious service in the battles before Nashville, Tenn. He was mustered out of the volunteer service in January, 1866, and in July

following was commissioned Colonel of the Ninth United States Cavalry. For his services in the battle of Franklin, Tenn., he received promotion to the brevet ranks of brigadier-general, and major-general in March, 1867, and is now second on the lineal list of colonels in the regular army.

The appointment of General Hatch to the presidency of the special commission to investigate the Ute troubles was very judicious, as he is familiar with the tribe, their reservation and history.

The latest intelligence from the Commission, which is sitting at the Los Pinos Agency, is to the effect that a very stormy and threatening council was held on Saturday, December 6th, when General Hatch made his last demand for the surrender of the twelve men charged with the murder of Indian Agent Meeker and his employees. For a while it seemed as if the Indians would massacre the Commissioners. Each Indian laid hand on his knife or pistol. The whites did the same, and the two parties stood fronting and defying each other for some moments, each waiting for the other to make the forward move. There were but six white men, while there were twenty-five Indians in the room. Fifteen soldiers were in an adjoining room. Finally O'urray spoke: "We cannot deliver up to you these Indians, unless they are tried in Washington; they must not be tried in Colorado. Colorado people are all our enemies, and to give them up to be tried in this State would be to surrender them to be hanged. We will bring these twelve men here for you to see, and those whom you decide guilty shall be taken to Washington, and the President shall determine their guilt or innocence. Douglass will have to go. We know he was in the White River troubles, and you shall decide who else. Upon this condition, and not otherwise, will we surrender the guilty Indians."

General Hatch told him he would accept the proposition so far as bringing the participants in the massacre in, but as far as taking them to Washington, he had to telegraph for permission to Secretary Schurz.

Colorow and Jack were immediately dispatched to bring in the twelve named, including Douglass and Persune, saying, "Be back in five days."

In reply to the telegram, Mr. Schurz answered as follows:

"Receive the surrender of the Indians designated by your Commission, with the understanding that they will be guaranteed a fair trial by a military commission outside of Colorado and New Mexico. Inform O'urray that he will be received here with four or five Ute companions and three Southern Utes and three White River Utes. Take care that good and influential men be selected, especially from the White River Utes. It will probably be desirable to have Jack here. Take possession of the prisoners with a military guard and convey them in the first place to Fort Leavenworth."

One of the prisoners was surrendered by O'urray on December 6th, who promised to bring in the others as soon as captured.

THE STEAM-YACHT "HENRIETTE."

WITH the voyage of the *Sunbeam* in their eyes, and possibly a book, M. Henri Say, with Madame, his wife, his child, and a brave and sturdy crew, from skipper to pantry-boy, have started from New York on a little trip round the world. Their good ship is a steam-yacht, brigantine rigged, called the *Henriette*. She registers 500 tons, is 164 feet in length, 26 feet across her beam, and 12 feet deep. There are on board fresh provisions for two months, and a large bunker full of ice. She carries a supply of 30 tons of coal. Like Mr. Brassey, of the *Sunbeam*, M. Say—who, by the way, is a nephew of M. Leon Say, the French Minister of Finance—is passionately devoted to yachting, and can handle a boat in a ground-swell or a hurricane with equal sangfroid. The *Henriette* is palatially fitted up, the "dainty hand of woman" being noticeable almost everywhere in *objets de luxe*, as well as in comfort. A steam launch, the *Follette*, accompanies the *Henriette* as a tender. She is 114 feet long, and commanded by Le Capitaine Frequer, of the French Navy. The yacht will touch at Philadelphia, Washington, Charleston, New Orleans, Havana, Kingston, St. Thomas, Trinidad, Martinique, Rio Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, Valparaiso, Callao, Panama, San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands; will visit Japan, China and India, and will go by the Suez Canal and the Mediterranean to Cherbourg. We wish Monsieur and Madame Say a hearty "Bon voyage."



SIGNOR GALASSI, AS "AMONASTRO," IN THE OPERA OF "AIDA."—FROM A PHOTO. BY MORA. SEE PAGE 295.